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POEMS OF ST. THÉRÈSE
OF THE CHILD JESUS

Apr 4, 1926

To
Sister Marie Aquinas
from
Teresa



SAINT THÉRÈSE OF THE CHILD JESUS

(From a picture by her sister, 1901)

*"Thy justifications, O Lord, were the subject
of my song in the place of my pilgrimage"*
(PS. cxviii. 54)

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POEMS

OF

St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus

KNOWN AS

"THE LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS"



TRANSLATED BY THE CARMELITES OF
SANTA CLARA, CAL., U.S.A

P. J. KENEDY AND SONS

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PREFACE

THEY sing in Carmel, and they have composed songs since St. Teresa founded her first monastery. The Saint, who freely alternated with her virile prose the exquisite rhythm of her "Seek thyself in Me," improvised verses which she sang herself and with her daughters. She wrote for their pleasure "charming couplets."

Far from suppressing their efforts, she wished each to use freely what talents she might have—"There will never be too much to enkindle and augment the holy joy of charity, that most precious of family treasures." Then, as now, verse contributed to the embellishment of the events of life in Carmel—clothings, professions, liturgical solemnities, feast-day recreations. It would seem that, in raising herself above the prosaic servitude of ordinary existence, the Carmelite, in her ideal sphere, endeavoured to make of her life a divine poem: for her each day was but a new strophe added to her act of love. It is not astonishing, then, that poetry naturally flourishes in her cloister. Rarely, however, do its gentle blossoms leave their "garden enclosed," and more than one worldly critic would think that the best thing that could happen to them. What would they do out of the cloister, products as they are of arid mysticism, plants without sap, without perfume or colour?

Sr. Thérèse of the Infant Jesus is here to reply. A Carmelite at fifteen years of age, it was in Carmel, and for Carmel, that she learned the art of verse. Her collection permits one to appreciate the flowers of the "garden enclosed." One cannot glance

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through it without being impressed with the cultivation of mind, the delicacy of taste, the nobility of sentiment there revealed. It gives a favourable idea of the intellectual life in the Carmels of to-day; it proves that not only the soul, but the mind, is adorned in the cloister. Even from a human point of view woman may there find a lofty type of existence. There is no love for family, for country, for beautiful nature, but is there, not only conserved, but refined and sublimated.

As to the style of verse written by Sr. Thérèse, from what has been said it may easily be conjectured. Almost all her poems have been composed to be sung, and hence are entitled to a certain freedom; but even without the music, which should complete the effect, they have this first quality of verse: they are harmonious and musically rhythmical. They sing of themselves, and denote the authorship of a soul full of interior melody—*modulatione plena*, as the "Imitation" says. The poems of the young Carmelite could not fitly savour of formality, or research, or even of study. Their principal grace is to join simplicity to distinction of form, sincerity to elevation of thought.

Those who profess literature, in order to strengthen the character of their poems and bring them into bolder relief, chisel and burnish their verse with infinite labour, as if engraving an onyx in cameo. It is not the practised work of the cameo this maiden soul presents, it is the unfolded blossoms of a spring day she has knotted and woven into clusters and graceful garlands.

Or, better still, Sr. Thérèse has remained the charming little sower of flowers, painted by Céline. She named one of her poems "To Scatter Flowers," but to all of them may be applied her words, spoken with a higher meaning: "After my death I will let fall a rain of roses." Her verses fall without number

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like a rain of petals, fresh, light, delicately coloured, sweetly impregnated with exquisite perfume. They are not of marble or onyx, like impersonal Parnasian sonnets, but they are the product of life. Virginal bud of a rose, opening to the sun of divine love, Sr. Thérèse is herself what she calls one of her poems, "the unpetalled rose." Her poetry is herself.

It has been justly said: "Whether she relates in prose the story of her childhood and vocation, or sings in delightful verse the love of God, of heaven, of the Eucharist, Sr. Thérèse is always a poet, and a poet of the best metal."¹ Again, in her admirable "Story of the Soul" are to be found pages "as brilliant, warm, elevated, and chastely rich as any in our beautiful and limpid language."²

No doubt in this intimate "Story," written by obedience, Sr. Thérèse is more completely herself than in her poems. There she opens the most secret sanctuary of her soul, while in the poems her soul shines through only as it may be revealed to her audience; but once initiated by the "Story," we find her entirely in both. The same gracious, childlike candour, with an astonishingly deep sense of spiritual things; the same total abandonment to the Beloved, with incessant initiatives to be "captured"; the same tranquillity of seraphic contemplation, with the immensity of apostolic desires for infidel and sinner; the same complete detachment from herself, with an affectionate tenderness for her family; but, above all, the same love for God, "become an abyss whose depth she cannot sound."

She had desired "to love God as He has never been loved," and, as a matter of fact, she has loved Him in a way all her very own. Her poems are

■ Dom G. Madelaine, Abbot of Frigolet.

■ Jeanniard du Dot.

PREFACE

part of this way of loving. "Little Queen," splendidly endowed with all qualities of grace and nature, it is not enough for her to have related her love, she must sing it! Céline understood this last touch in the moral physiognomy of Sr. Thérèse when she so happily painted her with one hand clasping the Gospel to her heart, and with the other lightly touching the strings of a harp; its chords, like the fibres of her soul, vibrate harmoniously to the divine word. Like Cecilia, the melodious virgin, she "sang in her heart"—*decantabat in corde*: Her heart sang in the effusion of spiritual joy, as the nightingale in the opening bloom of May; her heart sang in the durance of trial, as the crystalline brook amid the rocks of the ravine.

It is as admirable as touching to see her, when stricken with her last illness, exhausted by suffering of soul as of body, composing during a sleepless night a verse to be sung in the morning when her Lord came to her in the sacrament of His Love. Her soul had been for months submerged in a dark ocean, where the lights of heaven were extinguished; but "many waters cannot quench charity," and her heart sang triumphant during this spiritual martyrdom, keener for her than that of sense, and precisely willed by God as a supreme test of love.

"At any cost," she had written to her little mother, Pauline, "I wish to gather the palm of Agnes; if it be not by blood it must be by love." Could not Agnes hold out to her the palm as to a sister? "In certain ways Sr. Thérèse recalls the young martyr of Rome";¹ both are admirable for a precocious unfolding of all that is unaffectedly tender and energetically strong in a virginal heart captured by the All-lovable. St. Agnes, in the ardour of her soul, went herself at twelve to seek

¹ V. R. Fr. Dore, Superior-General of the Eudists.

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her martyrdom. Sr. Thérèse, in the intensity of her longing, did not hesitate at Rome to address the Holy Father in person, that at fifteen she might force the doors of Carmel closed against her. St. Agnes may be called the "Little Queen of the fourth century," surrounded as she was not only by a virgin band, but by spirits such as Ambrose and Damascene, who offered her a tender and enthusiastic admiration. Is not Sr. Thérèse in her way the *Agnes* of the nineteenth century? Has she not enkindled devotion, ravished hearts and minds, not only of the daughters of the cloister, but of dignitaries of the Church and apostles of foreign lands? In less than ten years the story of her soul, translated into six languages and exhausting thirty-three thousand copies, has spread through the entire Catholic world. Her poems have found an echo in souls not only in Europe but even to China, and it is touching to see, beside the innumerable letters telling of graces received, the mass of poetic literature she has inspired: odes, poems, sonnets, and even sweet Latin sequences, whose melody seems to prelude the liturgical hymns to come.

Why is all this? If not because Sr. Thérèse has awakened to new vibrations the two words of Agnes which were all her poetry: "Amo Christum!" ("I love Jesus!")

FR. JUBARU, S.J.

PREFACE

TO THE TRANSLATION

THE "ten years" of the foregoing Preface have become twenty-eight. The "sweet sequences" have been sung not only at the Mass of the Blessed Thérèse, April 29, 1923, but also at the Mass of her glorious Canonization, May 17, 1925. The "liturgical hymns," of rare and exquisite beauty, have resounded at her Office in Carmel, and will no doubt soon resound throughout the Universal Church, for the countless and ever increasing demands for its recitation will soon become imperative.

There was joy in Carmel at the wonders of her Beatification, but the joy has deepened as the continued miracles of nature and of grace, the ever spreading devotion, the *clamour* of the multitude of souls, have obtained the final seal, the consummate expression of sanctity, and the aureole which shone about her virginal brow has given place to the steady radiance of the halo, that all may plead, "Saint Little Thérèse, pray for us." The "Little Sister of the Infant Jesus," sent by Him to teach us to become as little children, to tread His little way, saint though she be, with every title of Apostle, Thaumaturgus, Patroness of Missions, of Novitiates, of children, of all things Holy Church may entrust to her care, must *ever* be, *will* ever be, our Saint "Little Thérèse."

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FIRST PART

MY SONG OF TO-DAY

My life is but an instant, a fleeting hour above me,
My life is but a moment escaping swift away ;
Thou knowest, O my God, on earth, in time, to love
Thee

Naught have I but to-day.

O how I love Thee, Jesus,—for Thee my soul
aspires,

For this one day remain, my sweet and gentle stay ;
Come, reign within my heart ; Thy smile my soul
desires,

If only for to-day.

What matters it, O Lord, if dark the future hover ?

One prayer for its to-morrow—oh no, I cannot
say ;

My heart untouched preserve—and with Thy shadow
cover,

If only for to-day.

If I dream of the morrow, my changeful thought
affrights me,

My heart, inconstant, mourns and wearies of the
way ;

I long, my God, that pain and trial to Thee unites
me,

If only for to-day.

POEMS OF THE

I fain would see Thee soon upon th' eternal shores,
O Pilot of my soul, whose guidance I obey ;
Steer Thou in peace my bark, while angry tempest
 roars,
 If only for to-day.

O hide me in Thy Face, sweet Lord, my heart
 imploreth,
 There shall I hear no more earth-follies at their
 play ;
Give me Thy love, and grant Thy grace my bosom
 storeth,
 If only for to-day.

Near to Thy Heart divine, all passeth me unheeded,
I dread no more the foe—the arrows of the fray ;
Ah ! give me in Thy Heart the home my heart hath
 needed,
 If only for to-day.

O living Bread of heaven, O Sacrament most tender,
O mystery of love—love only can repay,
Come, lift within my heart, Jesus, Thy Host's white
 splendour,
 If only for to-day.

Unite me unto Thee, O sacred Vine most holy,
My feeble branch will yield its fruit without delay ;
And I my ripened grape will offer to Thee solely,
 If only for to-day.

Cluster of love, each sphere a soul of my desires,
And I must form it now e'er time flees swift away ;
Cast in my heart, O Jesus, Thine apostolic fires,
 If only for to-day.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

Virgin Immaculate, O thou sweet star whose shining
Uniteth me to Jesus, its clear and lucent ray ;
O Mother, hide me close beneath thy veil confining,
If only for to-day.

O Angel Guardian mine, o'erspread me with thy
pinions,
Enlighten with thy fires, O sweetest friend, my
way ;
Aid me, come, guide my steps into thy bright
dominions,
If only for to-day.

I long to see Thee, Jesus, unveiled to me—unclouded,
But while I wait, how near Him each moment
shall I stay ;
His countenance of love shall ne'er from me be
shrouded,
If only for to-day.

Soon shall I wing my flight afar to heavenly choirs,
Where His fair day undying shall o'er my soul
have sway,
There shall I sing in bliss amid angelic lyres,
Th' eternal, glad to-day !

June, 1894.



POEMS OF THE

TO LIVE BY LOVE

"If any man love Me, he will keep My word, and My Father will love him, and we will come to him and will make our abode with him. I give unto you My love."—ST. JOHN xiv 23, 27 ; xv 9.

SPEAKING no parable that love-lit night,
Hearken to Jesus—" *If thou lovest Me,
Hold fast My word, and coming with delight,
My Father and Myself will dwell with thee ;
Thy heart shall be the palace of our rest,
The place of our abode here as above.
Filled with transcendent peace, then shalt thou be
Lost in our love.*"

To live by love, is closely to enfold
The uncreated Word,—Voice of my Lord !
And with Thee, in my heart of hearts to hold
The Spirit, sending forth His flame adored.
Thus loving Thee, the Father too is mine ;
My feeble heart hath drawn Him from above,
O Trinity, the Prisoner divine
Of my poor love !

To live by love—Ah ! 'tis Thy life to live,
O glorious King, in whom th' elect rejoice
For me, the Host a hiding place dost give,
For Thee to dwell in hiding is my choice.
Lovers, in solitude through day and night,
Would linger heart to heart, and blissful rove.
Thy look, O Jesus, is my one delight,
I live by love.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

To live by love is not on earth to rest,
E'en though on Thabor might our dwelling
be ;
But 'tis to climb to Calvary's rugged crest,
Holding the Cross,—our heart's sole treasury.
In realms celestial, joy hath endless sway,
There trial shall no more the spirit prove ;
But here below, in anguish deep I pray
To live by love.

To live by love is nevermore to know
A measure for thy gift nor a reward ;
But freely unto love thine all bestow,
With full abundance that thy heart afford.
Unto Thy Heart divine, my spirit brings
All that I am, my flight is as the dove,
Knowing no weight, save treasure of my wings,
Undying love.

To live by love is far to banish fear,
And haunting memory of unfaithful days ;
No shade of sin, with terror may appear ;
All is effaced in love's enkindling rays.
O ever glowing furnace ! Sacred flame !
I fix my dwelling in Thy fires above ;
Jesus, 'tis there Thy marvels I proclaim,
And live by love !

To live by love is to hold fast within
A treasure in a fragile vase of earth.
Alas ! I fear my weakness prone to sin,
I am no Angel of celestial birth.
But if I trembling fall at every hour,
Thou wilt embrace me, lifting me above,
At Thine approach, Thou givest me new power
To live by love.

POEMS OF THE

To live by love is in my barque to sail
 Freighted with joy and peace abundantly.
Loved Pilot, charity, doth all avail,
 For in my sister souls Thy Face I see.
Love is my star, its guiding will suffice,
 From its clear light my heart shall never rove,
My floating pennant beareth my device,
 I live by love.

To live by love when Jesus lies asleep,
 Is to repose on angry waves storm-driven.
Fear not, sweet Lord, my faithful watch I keep,
 I wake Thee not till lowering skies are riven.
Faith soon shall tear aside her gathering veil,
 And Hope shall count but one short day above,
When Love shall swell and urge my panting sail,
 I live by love.

To live by love, it is, O Master mine,
 To supplicate Thee to send forth Thy fire
To soul elect of every priest of Thine,
 That he may be more pure than seraph choir.
Protect Thy Church, immortal in her sway,
 Each hour my prayers ascend to Thee above,
Thy child doth immolate herself each day,
 To live by love.

To live by love is oft to soothe Thy Face,
 To win for sinners pardon and release,
O God of Love, receive them in Thy grace,
 And may they bless Thy name without surcease.
Until my heart the blasphemies repair,
 I cry a thousand times my love to prove,
I love Thee, I adore, O Name all fair,
 I live of love.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

To live by love,—Thy Magdalen did this,
 Bathing with tears and precious perfumes rare
Thy Sacred Feet, that knew her raptured kiss,
 Ere dried with flowing riches of her hair.
Ah ! see her rise with love's temerity,
 To touch the beauty of Thy Face above,—
And I, what perfume may I give to Thee,
 Love, only love !

To live by love,—O folly passing strange !
 The world hath bid me cease my foolish song !
Waste not thy perfume, idle dreams exchange
 For duties real ; come join the busy throng !
To love Thee, Jesus, is a fruitful loss,
 My perfumes all are Thine, my love to prove,
O may I sing, when time's short stream I cross—
 I die of love !

To die of love, 'tis martyrdom divine,
 For which my spirit thirsteth day and night ;
O Cherubim, attune your harps with mine,
 Full soon from exile shall my soul take flight ;
O burning dart, consume me with thy fire,
 Wound thou my heart, as lonely here I sigh,
O Jesus, grant my dream, my one desire—
 Of love to die.

To die of love, ah ! 'tis my hope most dear,
 When shalt Thou break these fleeting ties of earth ;
My God, my recompense, Thou wilt appear,
 All other goods save Thee are nothing worth.
I seek Thy love, impassionate, Lord, for Thee ;
 O may Thy flame transport my soul above,
Behold my Heaven, behold my destiny,
 To live by love.

February 25, 1895.

POEMS OF THE

CANTICLE TO THE HOLY FACE

JESUS, Thine image, fair to trace,
Shall be my star, where'er I go,
Thou knowest, in Thy Sacred Face,
I find my Heaven, while here below.
My love hath found the charm untold
Of those dear Eyes begemmed with tears,
I smile, though weeping, to behold
The grief that in their depth appears.
Fain would I, to be Thy solace,
Live forgotten and unknown,
For the beauty Thou art veiling
Hath to me its secret shown,
Drawing me to Thee alone.

Thy holy Face shall be my home,
The Kingdom of my heart's best love,
The smiling meadow where I roam,
My Sun each day in skies above.
My hidden lily of the vale,
Whose mystic perfume, faint and rare,
Shall to my banished soul exhale
The peace of Heaven I long to share.
'Tis my rest, my harp melodious,
Where the strains of Heaven recur ;
Thy dear Face, my gentle Saviour,
Is a knot of sacred myrrh ;
From my breast 'twill never stir.

My only treasure is Thy Face,
No other do I ask to see,
There shall I find my hiding place,
Till, Jesus, I resemble Thee.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

O seal me with divine impress
Of Thy sweet Image, as I plead ;
Full soon, imbued with holiness,
To Thee all hearts my heart shall lead.
With Thy fires of love inflame me,
That from ripened fields be stored
Harvests rich in golden plenty ;
Soon then, from Thy mouth adored,
Thine eternal kiss accord.

August 12, 1895.



POEMS OF THE

“THOU HAST BROKEN MY BONDS, O
LORD ” (Ps. cxv. 7)

TO SR. MARY OF THE EUCHARIST, FOR THE DAY OF
HER ENTRANCE TO CARMEL

O JESUS, on this day Thou breakest every tie,
’Tis in this Order blest of Thine own Mother
dear,
That I may find all good for which my heart doth
sigh.
And, Lord, if I have left my loved ones cherished
here,
Thou canst o’erflow their hearts with heavenly
delight ;
While pardoning poor sinners will all my toil
requite ;
Jesus, in Carmel I must live,
For ’tis to this oasis Thy love is calling e’er,
’Tis there I follow—all to give,
To love Thee, and for Thee to die,
’Tis there—yes, ’tis there !

O Jesus, on this day Thou fillest all desire,
Henceforth I dwell anear Thy Eucharistic throne,
In immolation hushed, to Heaven I may aspire,
’Neath the white Host divine of Thy fair Altar
prone.
Consumed my soul shall be in this sweet flame of
love,
O Lord, I worship Thee as Seraphim above !
Jesus, full soon I follow Thee
Unto the shores eternal, where pass all earthly days ;
Always in heaven my life shall be,
To love Thee, never more to die,
Always—yes, always !

August 15, 1895.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

JESUS, MY WELL-BELOVED, REMEMBER !

“My daughter, seek out those words of Mine which breathe the most intense love ; write them down and keep them as precious relics ; be careful to re-read them often.” When a soul wishes to reawaken in the soul of his friend the first intensity of affection, he says to him : ‘Do you remember what you felt when you said to me on such a day, such a word ? or do you recall your sentiments at such a time, such a day, such a place ?’ Believe, then, the most precious relics left of Me upon the earth are the words of love that have emanated from My most sweet Heart.”—WORDS OF OUR LORD TO ST. GERTRUDE.

REMEMBER, Love, the glory of the Father,

The splendours of eternal life divine,
Left far behind to dwell with us in exile,

That wretched sinners may be wholly Thine.

Descending to the Virgin’s lowly home,

Thy glory veiled, my Jesus, Thou didst come,

Her sweet maternal breast,

Thy second Heaven of rest,

Remember Thou !

Remember, Love, that on Thy wondrous birth-night,

Far through the Heavens did Angel greetings thrill :

“*Unto our God be glory, honour, power,*

And peace on earth to hearts of fond good will.”

Through circling ages, Lord, Thy word doth hold,

Unto Thy children peace is more than gold ;

That Thou the gift bestow,

That I that peace may know,

I seek Thee now.

I seek Thee now, within Thy lowly manger ;

’Neath swathing bands I fain would hide away,

There would my song, Angelic echoes waking,

Bid Thee remember grace of this glad day :

POEMS OF THE

The Shepherds and the Magi, Love, recall,
With joy they gave their hearts, their gifts, their all ;
The tender Innocent,
Whose blood for Thee was spent,
Remember Thou !

Remember Thou the gentle arms of Mary,
Thou didst prefer them to a royal throne ;
Sweet Infant Lord, Thy life so frail, so precious,
Was nurtured by her maiden milk alone ;
Unto this feast of love, gift of Thy Mother,
O deign to call me, dearest little Brother,
Thy sister at Thy Feet,
For whom Thy Heart did beat,
Remember Thou !

Remember him Thou namest as Thy father,
The humble Joseph, who by Heaven's decree
Did bear Thee, sleeping on Thy Mother's bosom,
Afar from Herod's cruel tyranny.
O Word of God, what wonder strange and deep !
An Angel speaketh, Thou dost silence keep ;
Thy long enforced exile,
By darkly flowing Nile,
Remember Thou !

Remember other shores, where stars were shining,
And where the moonbeams fell with silvery light ;
Where azure depths in loveliness unclouded,
Consoled Thine Infant vision with delight.
Thy little Hand, on Mary's bosom lying,
Sustains the world and giveth life undying :
And Thou didst think of me,
Jesus, my King to be !
Remember Thou !

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

Remember Thou in solitude and silence,
Thy hands were trained to labour from Thy youth ;
Rejectful of the world's deceiving science,
To live forgotten was Thy way, Thy truth.
O Thou, who by one word couldst charm the earth,
The more to hide Thy wisdom and Thy worth,
Wouldst ignorant appear,
O mighty God, most dear !
Remember Thou !

Remember, Love, a pilgrim Thou didst wander
Our desert earth, O uncreated Word !
Without a home, not e'en a stone for pillow,
No wildwood shelter like the nesting bird :
O Jesus, come, repose Thy weary Head,
Behold my heart, for Thee untenanted !
O my sweet Saviour blest,
Find in that heart Thy rest,
Possess it Thou !

Remember, Thou didst suffer little children
To know the bounty of Thy tenderness ;
O grant to me Thy kiss of love eternal,
My heart would share the grace of Thy caress.
To play before Thy Presence undefiled,
I would, sweet Lord, become a little child ;
How often didst Thou say,
Heav'n is for such as they,
Remember Thou !

Remember, Thou wert seated by the fountain,
A thirsting traveller, footsore, seeking rest ;
Thy love, the poor Samaritan refreshing,
Poured forth its floods restrained in Thy Breast.

POEMS OF THE

Ah ! well I know Him who did thirst that hour,
The "*Gift of God*," earth's vivifying shower,
Thou art the water clear,
Jesus, Thy call we hear,
"Come to Me now !"

*"Come unto Me," ye spirits heavy laden,
Your burdens I will lift, your strength restore :
Submerged within My Heart, a shoreless ocean,
From out your bosom living streams shall pour.*
I thirst, my Jesus, may Thy torrents roll ;
With this, Thy water, inundate my soul !
To find my home above,
In ocean of Thy love,
Receive me Thou !

Remember Thou the child Thy love enlightened :—
Too oft, alas, I turned from Thee, my King !
Turn Thou unto my misery with compassion,
And in Thy mercy peace and pardon bring.
Aid me to "*mind the things that are above*,"
Show me the Gospel secrets of Thy love ;
This golden book shall be
My dearest Treasury,
Remember Thou !

Remember Thou Thy Mother's gentle power,
When all had failed to move Thy Heart Divine ;
To heed her prayer, Thou didst advance Thine hour,
In changing water to delicious wine :
Deign to transform my works so poor, so frail ;
At Mary's word, make them for good avail.
Think often, Jesus mild,
I am Thy little child,
Look on me now.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

Remember Thou, when twilight shades were stealing,
Upon the mountain Thou didst vigil keep ;
Thy songs of love ascended to the Father,
While far below the world was hushed in sleep.
Thy prayer, my God, I offer with delight,
One with my prayer and office, day and night ;
There, near Thy loving Heart,
I sing with joy my part,
Remember now.

Remember Thou the fields of golden splendour,
When to Thy vision other harvests came ;
Lifting Thine eyes unto the holy mountain,
Of Thine elect Thou murmurest each name.
Oh ! that Thy wheat be garnered speedily,
I pray, I immolate myself to Thee ;
What every joy and tear,
Is for Thy Reapers here,
Remember Thou !

Remember that the angel feasts of Heaven
Are thrilled anew with strains of harmony,
When to the joy of these celestial spirits,
Repentant sinners lift their eyes to Thee.
Fain would I swell this torrent of delight,
Jesus, for souls I pray through day and night ;
To Carmel have I come,
To fill Thy heavenly home,
Remember Thou !

Remember Thou the ardent flame all-burning,
Thy love would see enkindled in each heart ;
Thy fire from Heaven cast within my bosom,
Would that its heat to all I might impart !

POEMS OF THE

A feeble spark—mysterious prodigy !
Lighteth a ceaseless flame, when fed by Thee ;
O God, my longings are
To bear Thy flames afar !
Remember Thou !

Remember that triumphant feast of splendour,
Given in love to Thy repentant son ;
Remember, that with overflowing bounty,
Each moment Thou didst feed Thy faithful one !
Clasping the prodigal with love profound,
Deep in Thy Heart its ocean-tides unbound,
And *all* Thy goods are mine,
My Love, my King divine,
Remember Thou !

Remember, how, unmindful of Thy glory,
When multiplying miracles of power,
We hear Thee cry, "*How is it you believe them,
You who seek vanities of passing hour ;
The works I do your witnesses astound,
For those who love Me greater works abound.*"
Humbly Thy spirit bows,
Jesus, my tender Spouse,
Remember Thou !

Remember Thou with what confiding boldness
The virgin John drew nigh unto Thy Heart ;
In his repose he knew Thy tender sweetness,
Thy secrets to his soul Thou wouldst impart.
I am not jealous of his resting there ;
I am Thy spouse, Thy secrets too I share,
Sweet Saviour, vigil keep,
Upon Thy Heart I sleep !
'Tis mine by vow !

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

Remember Thou, the garden of Thine anguish,
When with Thy Blood were mingled bitter
tears—

Pearls of Thy love—the crimson drops engendered

The Virgin lilies blooming down the years.

The Angel pointed to that harvest white,

And joy was Thine 'mid anguish of that night ;

Jesus, my face was there,

Amid the lilies fair,

Remember Thou !

Thy tears, Thy blood, whence fecund life outpoureth,

Doth “virginize” the chalice of the flowers,

That countless souls to Thee they may engender,

To bloom in Paradise from earthly bowers.

A virgin I, and yet, O mystery !

Mother of souls when I am one with Thee !

Thy virgin blooms of light,

Draw souls from sin's dark night,

Remember Thou !

Remember Thou, when drenched with bitter anguish,

An Outcast, lifting up His gaze on high,

Saith : “*Soon in power you see Me coming glorious,*”

Such is the mighty promise of His cry.

Who then doth worship Him, God's only Son ;

Hiding His glory, He the holy One,

I know Thee, *Prince of peace,*

My faith knows no surcease,

I trust Thee now !

Remember Thou, Thy countenance appearing

Amid Thy chosen few, was e'er unknown ;

But Thou didst leave for me its sacred image,

And, Love, I knew it as my very own.

POEMS OF THE

Yea, I behold, e'en though by tears obscured,
The Face of God—Its charm my soul allured ;
 Thy glance enveiled for me,
 Solaced my heart to see,
 Remember Thou !

Remember Thou the plaint of love's desire,
 That on the Cross sped heavenward from Thy
 Heart ;
Deep in my soul I hear its pulsing echo ;
 Yea, in Thy thirst my spirit now hath part.
E'en as Thou woundest me with flame divine,
So do I pant that countless souls be Thine,
 The thirst of love's desire
 Burneth as ceaseless fire,
 Remember Thou !

Remember, Jesus, Word of life eternal,
 That Thou with love supreme didst die for me ;
So would I love Thee, dearest Lord, to folly,
 So would I live and yet would die for Thee.
Behold my one desire this day confessed,
To make Thee loved—to bear a martyr's test ;
 Of love I long to die,
 O Love, my pleading sigh,
 Remember now !

Remember Thou Thy hour of risen triumph,
 When Thou didst say to us, "*Who doth not see*
The Son of God resplendent in His glory,
 And yet believeth—blessed shall he be !"
In faith's dark night I love Thee, I adore ;
Peaceful I wait to *see* when life is o'er.
 My longings, Jesus dear,
 Were not for vision here,
 Remember Thou !

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

Remember Thine Ascension to Thy Father,
Thou didst not leave us orphans on that day ;
But veiling here the vision of Thy splendour,
A prisoner of love wouldst ever stay.
How luminous and clear that shrouding veil,
Faith's living Bread, our Manna without fail !
O love's deep mystery !
My daily bread I see,
Jesus—'tis Thou !

Jesus, 'tis Thou, despite the foul blaspheming
Of those who scorn Thy Sacrament of love ;
'Tis Thou who fain wouldst prove me Thou dost
love me,
Abiding in my bosom—from above.
O Bread of exile ! Host divine-adored !
I live not, but in me Thou livest, Lord ;
Ciborium of gold,
Here in my heart behold ;
Come to me now !

Yea, come to me, Thy living sanctuary,
Where none shall enter and Thy love profane,
Rest in my heart, is't not for Thee a garden ?
Each floweret turns to Thee from hill and plain.
Speed not away, O Lily of the Vale,
Else scattered lie my blossoms poor and frail !
Jesus, my Lily-flower,
Bloom in my heart each hour,
Embalm me now !

Remember, Love, my longing to console Thee,
For all the hearts who scorn Thee or forget ;
Wilt hear my prayer and give wherewith to love Thee
A thousand hearts that have not loved Thee yet ?

POEMS OF THE

O not enough, Thou fairest of all men,
Give me Thy Heart, and I may love Thee then,
O Love, my one desire
Burneth as ceaseless fire,
Remember Thou !

Dost Thou remember that Thy will all-holy
Is my repose, my only joy possessed?
Abandoned, without fear, my soul is sleeping,
O my Redeemer, in Thy arms at rest.
If Thou too sleepest when the tempests lower,
I rest in peace profound, while breakers tower,
Sweet Jesus, slumber on,
But for th' awakening dawn
Prepare me now.

Remember, Lord, that oft my heart is sighing
For that great day when I shall hear Thy call ;
When sounds the trumpet of the mighty angel :—
“ *Time is no more, come ye to judgement all.* ”
Then fleetly shall my soul outwing all space,
To hide me in the secret of Thy Face.
In love's eternity,
My heaven Thou shalt be,
Remember Thou !

October 21, 1895.



LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

TO THE SACRED HEART

WHEN Magdalen before the Tomb, with tears
Sought for her Jesus, bowed in pain and grief,
The Angels longed to soothe her troubled fears,
But naught to her gave solace or relief.
O ye Archangels luminous in grace,
Your shining beauty stilleth not her quest.
She yearns the Lord of angels to embrace,
To bear Him in her arms, afar to rest.

Last at the Sepulchre near Calvary's height,
First is she there e'er breaks the dawn above ;
Cometh her Jesus, veiling now His light,
She may not vanquish Him on field of love !
Showing her gently first His Face benign,
Soon from His Heart one only word o'erflows :
" Mary," O sweetest name from lips divine !
Jesus all peace, all happiness bestows.

One day like Magdalen I sought in vain
To find thee, Lord, and lovingly draw near,
My searching eye swept the far reaching plain,
Would that its Master and its King appear !
To see the crystal wave, the starry sky,
Bird, blossom, Nature's wealth of sunlit bloom,
And yet to see Thee not, O God, I cry.
'Tis all for me a vast and silent tomb !

I need a Heart whose tenderness will be
My strength abiding, my unfailing stay,
Loving all in me e'en my frailty,
Leaving me never more by night, by day.

POEMS OF THE

No creature can I find whose love is mine,
Ever and always with undying power,
O God, Thy love must make my nature Thine ;
Be Thou my Brother in each suffering hour.

Well hast Thou heard me, Lover whom I love,
Coming in human guise to steal my heart ;
Shedding Thy Blood—O Mystery thereof !—
Yet living on the Altar-throne Thou art.
If I see not the shining of Thy Face,
Nor hear Thy dulcet voice with sweet refrain,
I may, O Lord, live ever by Thy grace,
Reposing on Thy Sacred Heart remain.

O Heart of Jesus, treasured tenderness,
Thou art my joy supreme, my hope, my all ;
Thou who didst charm my youth and sweetly bless,
Stay with me till the twilight shadows fall.
Master, to Thee alone my life I give,
My every longing sigh to Thee is known ;
Lost in Thy goodness infinite, I live,
O Heart of Jesus, lost with Thee alone !

Ah ! well I know our justice in Thy sight
Hath naught of value. That I may impart
A worth to sacrifice—how passing slight—
I would immerse it in Thy flaming Heart.
Thou hast not found Thine Angels without spot,
'Mid lightning flash Thy law was heaven-
assigned ;
Hide me within Thy Heart, I tremble not,
My strength, my merit all in Thee I find.

If I to see Thy glory would aspire
My soul must know Thy crucible of flame,
But Love, I choose my purgatorial fire
Thy burning love, Heart of My God, I claim.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

My exiled soul, up-winged as the dove
When called from earth to heaven—its home of
light,
Would fain out-breathe in act of purest love
Thy Heart to enter with unswerving flight.

October, 1895.



POEMS OF THE

THE ETERNAL CANTICLE

SONG OF EXILE

THY Spouse, O God, I see upon a shore terrestrial,
There can she sing to Thee th' eternal song of love,
For to this exile far Thou castest fire celestial,
To kindle in our hearts the flames that burn above.

O Well-Beloved supreme, all fair,
With me Thy life of love Thou'lt share,
Jesus, I love Thee now, fore'er,
Make of my life one simple act of love.

Forgetting then my misery,
Thou comest, Love, to dwell in me.
My feeble love mysteriously
Will chain me to Thee, Lord, above.

O Love, now inflame me,
Pierce deep as I name Thee,
O come, for I claim Thee,
Consumed may I be !

Thy fierce ardour presses ;
My spirit confesses
Love's burning excesses ;
Abyss me in Thee.

All sufferings delight me,
With joys they requite me.
O when shall my flight be
To Thee, as the dove !

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

O home-land eternal,
O sweetness supernal,
My soul powers turn all
To Thy Face above.
O home-land eternal,
O joy supernal,
Thou art only LOVE !

March 10, 1896.



POEMS OF THE

I THIRST FOR LOVE

IN Thy love an exile upon earth,
Jesus divine, Thou'rt immolate for me :
My Well-Beloved, receive my life's poor worth,
I wish to suffer and to die for Thee.

O Lord, Thou dost Thyself reveal,
That *mortals here no more can do*
Than die, if they their love would seal—
My love's supreme appeal,
'Tis Thou—Jesu !

Behold 'tis late, e'en now the day doth wane,
Celestial Pilgrim, wilt Thou be my guide?
'Tis by Thy cross the steepening path I gain,
With Thee, O Lord, I climb the mountain side.

Thy voice finds echo in my soul.
Lord, Thy resemblance now impart ;
'Tis suffering—my longed for goal,—
Thy words-aflame, uproll,
Burning my heart.

Before eternal glory He might know
'Twas needful the man-God should taste of pain ;
O sweetest Lord, dost Thou not tell us so?
'Twas by Thy Cross the victory Thou didst gain.

In exile here Thou wert for me,
Contempt alone Thy chosen due :
O hide me deeper, that I be
The last of all for Thee,
For Thee, Jesu !

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

O my Beloved, Thy example here
Inviteth me all honour to despise ;
For Thee I would a little one appear,
To charm Thy heart, self would I sacrifice.

In solitude I find my peace,
For naught beside I long—or sue.
My aim to please Thee I shall not cease,
And my sole joys increase.
'Tis Thou, Jesu !

Thou, the great God—the Universe adores,
Thou liv'st in me a prisoner from above,
And Thy sweet voice within my soul implores
Each added hour—" I thirst, I thirst for love !"

Thy prisoner, sweet Lord, am I,
And I repeat, as moaning dove,
Thy tender prayer, Thy pleading sigh ;
Beloved, Brother, heed my cry,
I thirst for love !

I thirst for love, O Lord, fulfil my hope,
May fiercer flames of love my soul ignite :
I thirst for love, with anguish now I cope.
Ah ! unto Thee my soul would wing her flight.

My martyrdom is love's desire,
Burning yet more, yet more in me,
And ever doth my soul aspire,
Jesus, that I expire
Of love for Thee !

April 30, 1896.

POEMS OF THE

MY HEAVEN

To bear my exile in this land of tears,
I need my gentle Saviour's tender gaze,
That gaze of love with unveiled charm appears,
Celestial foretaste of supernal days !
My Jesus smiles when for His love I sigh,
Then darkest night of faith shall radiant be,
To see the smile of God—to meet His eye,
O that is heaven for me !

My heaven is God's mercy to implore
Upon the Church, on France, on souls in sin,
Rivers of life, that grace upon them pour,
Springing, O Jesus, from Thy Heart within.
I can do all by love's mysterious power,
When speaking heart to heart, my King, with
Thee,
To seek Thy altar-throne in prayerful hour,
O that is heaven for me !

My heaven lies hid within the small white host,
Where Jesus veils for very love His light ;
'Tis Source divine of life I love the most,
Where my sweet Saviour hears by day, by night.
O sacred moment, when in tenderness
Thou comest that I live transformed in Thee !
Union of love, Wine from celestial press,
O that is heaven for me !

My heaven is resemblance here to know
With God, who drew me by creative breath ;
My heaven from His presence ne'er to go ;
Childlike, to call Him Father as He saith.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

I fear no storm when clasped in His embrace,
Complete abandonment my law shall be,
Sleeping upon His Heart, nigh to His Face,
O that is heaven for me!

My heaven in the Trinity I find,
Within my heart, my Prisoner of love;
There seeing God, fearless my life I bind
To serve, to love, nor seek reward above.
My heaven—in His smile whom I adore,
When He would test my faith and hidden be,
To smile when longing for His gaze once more,
O that is heaven for me!

June 7, 1896.



POEMS OF THE

MY HOPE

STILL do I linger on strange lonely shore,
But ever near is eternal delight ;
O I would leave this sad earth evermore,
That heavenly marvels enrapture my sight.
When of immortal existence I dream,
Burden of exile weighs not upon me,
Soon to my homeland of joy supreme
Swiftly I fly for the first time to Thee.

Give me, O Jesus, the wings of a dove,
That to Thy welcome my spirit take flight,
Hasting to shores everlasting above,
Thee may I vision, O treasured delight !
For embraces of Mary my pinions unfold,
The throne of her arm shall my resting place be,
To receive from my Mother with sweetness untold,
The kiss for the first time she giveth to me.

O my Beloved, may Thy first dawning smile
Soon to my soul all of radiance impart ;
Burning with joy ecstatic the while,
Hide me yet deeper in depth of Thy Heart.
Ineffable moment—O rapture, to hear
The sound of Thy Voice calling softly to me,
To know Thy adorable Face shall appear,
And when for the first time Its splendour I see.

Well dost Thou know my sole martyrdom here
Is but Thy love, Heart Divine, I adore ;
If my soul sighs for Thy heavenly sphere,
'Tis but to love Thee, to love more and more.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

In Thy fair heaven o'erwhelmed with Thy love,
Without rule or measure my soul loveth Thee,
And my joy without ceasing appeareth above,
As new as the first time it flowed unto me.

June 12, 1896.



POEMS OF THE

TO SCATTER FLOWERS

JESUS, my only Love, on Calvary I strew
With fond delight, each eve my gathering of
flowers,

Unpetalling for Thee a rose of vernal hue,
That I may dry Thy tearful showers.

To scatter flowers! . . . 'tis my first fruits to bring,
My faint drawn sighs, my long and anguished
hours,

My every pain, my joy, each little offering ;
These are my flowers!

O Lord, won by Thy Beauty, my spirit swoons away,
And I for Thee would lavish my fragrance with my
flowers ;

I strew them on the wings of breezes as they play—
Hearts melt and burn 'neath petalled showers.

To scatter flowers! . . . Jesus, my weapons see—
When sinners I would save by my enfeebled
powers ;

Thy vengeance I disarm, mine is the victory !
E'en by my flowers!

The petals of my flowers caress Thy sacred Face,
They tell Thee that my heart hath fled to Thee
above,

Thou knowest well the language my leaf-strewn roses
trace,

And Thou art smiling at my love. . . .

To scatter flowers! . . . 'Tis to intone Thy praise,
My only joy 'mid tears, on this lone shore of ours ;
Soon to my heaven I go—there, with angelic lays,

To scatter flowers!

June 28, 1896.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

MY DESIRES NEAR THE TABERNACLE

O little Key, I envy thee,
For thou each day can open wide
The prison of the Eucharist,
Where doth the God of love abide.
But I, O wonder greater far,
By effort of my faith alone
Can ope the Tabernacle door,
And hide me near the Kingly throne.

Within the Sanctuary pale,
Nigh to my God I would consume,
Like to the *Lamp* of sacred fire,
Shining through love's mysterious gloom.
O joy, in me I see the flames,
And I increase them day by day ;
Souls for my Jesus kindled there,
Till with His love they burn away !

At each aurora, how I long
The sacred *Altar stone* to be,
Whereon within the stable lone
Th' Eternal One was born for me.
O hearken to my lowly prayer,
Come to my soul—my Lord Thou art :
'Tis not a cold and frigid stone,
But 'tis a sigh from out Thy Heart.

O Corporal, with circling wing,
The Angels wake my envious sighs ;
On thee, as on the linens white,
Jesus, my only treasure, lies.

POEMS OF THE

O Virgin Mary, change my heart
To Corporal most pure, most fair,
That I receive the spotless Host,
And thy sweet Lamb in hiding there !

O *Paten* pure, I envy thee,
Whereon my Jesus seeketh rest !
Would that His splendour infinite
Might stoop unto my lowly breast. . . .
Jesus waits not my hope to crown,
Till shadowed eve of exiled hour,
He comes ! His presence maketh me
A living *Monstrance* by His power.

The *Chalice* I would wish to be,
Where I adore the Blood divine ;
But at the Holy Sacrifice,
Each morning I may make it mine.
My soul to Jesus is more dear
Than precious vase of gold could be ;
The Altar is the Calvary
Whereon His Blood outpours for me.

Jesus, O holy sacred Vine,
My King, Thou knowest I am here,
In clustered mass a *ripened grape*,
That soon for Thee must disappear.
Under the pressure of my pain
I prove my love by test divine ;
No other joy my heart would know
Save immolation like to Thine.

O happy end and choice, to be
Among the tiny *grains of wheat*,
That here for Jesus lose their life :—
Entrancing thought with joy replete.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

I am Thy Spouse, Thy cherished Bride,
O come, Beloved, come, live in me !
Thy Beauty ravisheth my soul,
Deign to transform me, Love, in Thee !

1896.



POEMS OF THE

JESUS ALONE

COMPOSED FOR A NOVICE

My longing heart would give itself entire,
Ardent to prove its tenderest desire ;
Ah ! who can comprehend my burning love,
What heart can give me a return thereof ?
For such return my soul would vainly plead ;
Jesus, Thou only can content my need.
Ah ! naught hath power to charm me here below,
True happiness on earth we may not know.

My only peace, my joy, my one reward,
My only love, 'tis Thou, my blessed Lord.

O Thou who didst create the Mother heart,
Most tender Father to my soul Thou art ;
My only Love, Jesus, eternal Word,
With more than love maternal art Thou stirred.
Each moment Thou dost follow me, dost guard,
And when I call, Thy love knows no retard.
And if perchance Thou seemest here to hide,
To aid me seek Thee Thou art at my side.

To Thee alone, my Jesus, am I bound,
And hiding in Thy arms I would be found.
I long to love Thee as a little one,
I long to fight some glorious field upon,
Then, as a child, with timid tenderness,
I long to give Thee, Lord, a fond caress.
To clarion call of Apostolic prayer,
Swift, as a valiant warrior, would I fare.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

Thy Heart which guards and giveth innocence
Will ever be my trust and firm defence ;
In Thee, O Lord, my hope will e'er repose,
From exile I shall see the heavens unclosed.
If in my heart the sudden tempest rise,
To Thee, my Jesus, I shall lift my eyes,
And in Thy look all-merciful shall see,
“ My child, the glorious heavens I made for thee.”

Ah ! well I know each sigh and every tear,
With radiant charm before Thee will appear.
The Seraphim to form Thy court aspire,
And yet, O God, my love is Thy desire.
Thou seek'st my heart,—Jesus, I give it Thee,
All my desires—Thine immolate to be ;
The hearts I love, O King, O Spouse all-mine,
I love for Thee—and with Thy love divine.

August 15, 1896.



POEMS OF THE

THE BIRD-CAGE OF THE INFANT JESUS

To souls in exile God hath given
The birds that wing the sunlit skies,
Chirping their little prayers to heaven
From hill and valley they arise.
While happy children at their play
Make choice of songsters they prefer,
Bear them in gilded cage away
And guard each tiny prisoner.

O Jesus, little Brother dear,
Thou comest down from Heaven's delight,
Thou knowest well, Thy cage is here,
It is Thy Carmel on the height.

Our humble cage is not of gold,
But yet we cherish it the more,
Where woods and azure skies unfold
We may not flutter as of yore.
Where thickets dense of life abound,
No true content is ever known ;
Jesus, in solitude profound,
We fain would sing for Thee alone !
Thy tiny Hand will lead us there,
O Child, too ravishing for words !
Thine infant Smile surpassing fair
Will captive hold Thy little birds.

'Tis here the simple soul and pure
Will find the object of its love ;
'Tis here from vulture safe, secure,
Unfearing flies the timid dove.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

On pinions wide of burning prayer
Singing, the heart shall wing its flight
Poised as the lightsome lark in air
Pouring its song at heaven's height.
Hark ! twittering 'mid branches hear
Finch, Wren and Songster wild and tame ;
Caged for thy love, O Jesus dear,
Thy birdlings chirp Thy holy Name.

The birds their ceaseless songs outpour
Without a care to reap or sow.
A tiny grain doth fill their store ;
They seek no harvest here below.
We too, while precious bars enclose,
Are fed from loving Hand of Thine ;
One only need the spirit knows,
It is to love Thee, Child divine.
We too shall sing Thy praiseful songs,
With seraphs pure in realms above,
Rejoiced that fluttering Angel throngs
The prisoned birds of Carmel love.

Jesus, to dry Thy tears that fall
For sinners lost to Thine embrace,
Thy birds shall by their songs recall
Sad hearts to beauty of Thy Face.
Some day from earth and sorrow far
When, calling, Thou shall set them free,
The angels shall the cage unbar,
Then swift their flight to Heaven and Thee.
With choirs of joyous cherubim
In radiant phalanx they shall rise,
Eternally Thy praise to hymn,
Entranced with Thee in Paradise.

December 25, 1896.

POEMS OF THE

GLOSE ON THE DIVINE

AFTER ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS

“Leaning without support, without light and in darkness,
I go to consume myself of love.”—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

To the world, with delight all-surpassing,
An eternal farewell I have said ;
O'er itself wings my heart life-amassing,
From support save in God it hath fled !
And now in His light I am seeing
What is dearest where joys overbrim,
'Tis when heart, soul, and all of my being
Lean, and know no support save in Him.

While I suffer in darkness unbroken,
Through this mortal delay of an hour,
I possess here at least one fair token,
The star of love's infinite power.
In the way, all of peril surroundeth,
But I follow, no fear can debar,
For by love, well I know life aboundeth
'Mid the shadows of exile afar.

His love as I learn every hour,
Can profit by good and by ill
That He findeth in me : O what power !
Transforming my soul at His Will.
This flame feedeth deep, nor returneth,
It pierceth my heart from above ;
As with ardours of fire it burneth,
I go hence, consumed in my love.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

TO THE INFANT JESUS

JESUS, Thou callest my name,—
“ Simple Abandonment, hark ! ”—
And Thy sweet glances exclaim :
“ I wish to pilot thy barque.”

With Thy low voice of a child,
O mystery deep !
With Thy low voice of a child,
Calming waves mountainous piled,
And storm clouds wild.

If Thou wouldst lovingly rest,
While the tempests rage,
Lay thy fair head on my breast,
Love will fear assuage.

O what delight ! Thou hast smiled
In Thy gentle sleep,
E'er with my low song beguiled,
Cradled with tenderness mild,
O lovely Child !

December, 1896.



POEMS OF THE

MY PEACE AND MY JOY

THERE are souls upon this earth
Seeking happiness in vain,
But I share not in their dearth ;
Joy within my heart doth reign.
Oh ! 'tis not a passing flower,
But with me doth ever stay
Like a rose in vernal bower
Smiling fair, each opening day.

All too joyous is my heart,
Doing ever as I will ;
Should I not with gladsome art
See my happiness distil ?
Joy to love my painful hours
Smiling through a mist of tears ;
Gladly holding fast my flowers
Though the quivering thorn appears.

Azure skies with clouds oppressed
Seem to leave me sad and lone ;
'*Tis joy* in shadow deep to rest,
Hiding far, in darkness prone.
And *my Peace*, the Will to hear
Of my Jesus and obey ;
Thus I live and know no fear ;
Night for me is as the day.

Peace is mine in littleness
When upon the way I fall,
Swift my rising, on I press,
Jesus lifts me at my call.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

Then with many a sweet caress
I to Him my love confide
With redoubled tenderness
When He stealeth from my side.

Peace is mine when I conceal
From my Sisters tearful showers ;
O what charm doth pain reveal
Veiled in wreathing smiles of flowers !
I would suffer silently
That my Jesus find relief.
Joy is mine His smile to see,
Though an exile in my grief.

Peace is ceaseless travail here
That I bring forth souls to Thee ;
'Tis to whisper Jesus dear,
Hour on hour tenderly ;—
All for Thee, dear Brother mine,
Suffering is my gladsome choice ;
Joy on earth—my bliss divine
Is to make Thy Heart rejoice.

Longer would I live for thee
If, sweet Lord, 'tis Thy desire.
I in Heaven would choose to be
If Thy pleasure so inspire.
Love,—my heaven encircling breath
Ever doth my heart possess.
What to me is life or death?
Love is my sole happiness.

January 21, 1897.

POEMS OF THE

MY ARMS

TO A NOVICE FOR PROFESSION

"The Bride of the King is terrible as an army ranged for battle. She is like a choir of music in a camp of armies."—CANT. vi 3 ; vii 1.

"Put on the armour of God, that you may be able to stand against the snares of the enemy."—EPHES. vi 11.

Lo ! the Most High enclothes me with His arms,
His Hand divine adorns me as His Bride ;
Nothing henceforth shall rouse my vain alarms ;
Who, from His love, my spirit can divide ?
Pressed to His side, th' Arena now I dare,
Fearing nor flame, nor blade of searching blow,
Forth as a queen 'mid hostile camps I fare,
That they the Bride of God may know.

O Jesus mine, Thine armour I will bear,
Wherewith Thou clothest me Thy chosen spouse,
To the eve of exile my ornament most fair
Shall be my sacred vows.

O Poverty, my primal sacrifice,
Close, unto death, I follow in thy wake,
For well I know the runner for the prize,
The true athlete, doth all of earth forsake.
Taste, worldling, taste remorse and bitter pain,
Such are the fruits of vanity for thee,
In the arena joyously I gain
The glorious palm of Poverty.

Jesus has said, *the heaven of the Most High*
Only the violent bear in bliss away :
Ah ! then with Poverty, my lance and helmet, I
Shall conquer this glad day !

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

By *Chastity*, the Sister I become
Of conquering Angels, spirits pure and strong.
Some day my heart shall seek their radiant home ;
In exile now I battle fierce and long.
Like them I fight, nor stay for truce or rest,
For my beloved King, supremest Lord,
Chastity conquers hearts at His behest,
With its celestial sword.

Chastity—yea—my never failing arm
Vanquisheth foes, what better war betide ;
With it I arise—O bliss without alarm !
My Jesus' chosen Bride.

The Angel cried from out eternal light :
Command of God—no ! I will not obey !
But I repeat from earth's obscuring night,
Always and everywhere I will obey.
A holy strength engendered in my breast
Would bid me brave all hell's satanic art ;
Obedience is my *cuirass* closely pressed,
The sacred *buckler* of my heart.

O Conquering God, I ask no glorious fame,
Save to submit in all my will to Thee,
For the obedient man, henceforth Thou dost
proclaim,
Shall speak of Victory.

If now I grasp the warrior's arm of might ;
Here image him in valour of the fight ;
Then as *the virgin ravishing in light*,
I too can sing with foe in armour dight.
Touch Thou the chords, O Jesus, of Thy lyre,
This vibrant lyre, Thou knowest is my heart ;
Singing Thy mercies as Thou shalt inspire,
My Theme of love Thou art.

POEMS OF THE

Smiling, I brave the weapon of the foe,
In Thy embrace, O tender Spouse all-mine ;
While singing, I shall die on battlefield below,
Holding Thy arms divine !

March 25, 1897.



LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

A LILY AMID THORNS

COMPOSED FOR A NOVICE

O SOVEREIGN LORD, from childhood's dawning
hour,

My life appears a wonder of Thy love,
Melted in gratitude, I sigh for power,
The answering ardour of my heart to prove.
Jesus, my Well-Beloved, what favour this,
What have I done, poor nothing that I am?
I follow here the white-robed train in bliss,
O King divine—the Virgins of the Lamb!

Alas, unworthy I, most frail, most weak;
Thou knowest well no virtue, Lord, is mine;
Thou knowest, too, one Good Supreme I seek,
One ceaseless charm, Jesus—the Name is Thine!
When in my youthful heart burst forth the flame,
Love it is called, ah! it was all for Thee,
Thy Love alone, O Jesus, would I claim,
For love I need, yea, to infinity!

As a wee lambkin far from watchful fold,
Gaily I gambolled, knowing not of fear;
Unseen, Thy hand all danger did withhold,
O Queen of heaven, Shepherdess most dear!
E'en as I played, nigh to the dread abyss,
Looking, I saw Thee point me Carmel's height.
Ah! then I knew vain pleasures were amiss,
Joys austere alone win heavenward flight.

If the pure Angel, Lord, is dear to Thee,
Yon floating Spirit, tremulous on high,
Dost Thou not love the lilies Thou didst free
From ooze and slime for fair o'er-reaching sky?

POEMS OF THE

If silvery winged Angels may rejoice,
White in Thy garb of purity divine,
My vesture, like to theirs, is yet my choice,
The treasure of virginity is mine.

1897.



LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

THE UNPETALLED ROSE

JESUS, when from Thy Mother's clasp I see Thee go,
Held by her hand ;
To set Thy first wee step on this sad earth below,
And trembling stand ;
Before Thee I would strew most tenderly a rose
In opening hour ;
That Thy dear little Feet so softly might repose
Upon a flower.

This rose unpetalled would a faithful image be,
O Child Divine,
Of heart unshared and immolate for Thee,
Each moment Thine.
Oft on Thine Altar, Lord, a rose all fresh, all fair,
Would dazzling gleam,
For Thee—But to bestrew my dropping petals there
Is my one dream !

O lovely Child, how beautiful the rose full blown
For festal day !
But fallen petals are forgot and idly thrown,
Wind tossed away.
The rose unpetalled seeking nought doth offer all,
No more to be ;
I, too, O Little Jesus, give without recall
My life to Thee.

Heedless, we tread the scattered petals of a rose ;
Simply they fell,
Adorning without art as nature might dispose :
I know full well. . . .

POEMS OF THE

O Jesus, for Thy love my life, my future lie
O'er-spent for Thee,
To fall as withered rose 'neath glance of mortal eye
Is death for me.

For Thee to die, O Jesus, loveliness divine !
What joy for me !
O may I strew my life to prove my love is Thine,
All, all for Thee !
Lost 'neath Thy first wee infant steps in mystery
I wish to live,
That solace to Thy last worn steps on Calvary
Gently I give.

May, 1897.



LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

ABANDONMENT

“Abandonment is the delicious fruit of love.”

ST. AUGUSTINE.

THERE riseth on this earth
A rare and fruitful tree,
Whose root is in the Heavens,
O wondrous mystery !
And never, 'neath its shade,
Is creature heart oppressed ;
There, fearless of the storm
The pilgrim findeth rest.
The name ? They call it Love,
This fair, mysterious tree,
Abandonment the fruit
That so delighteth me.

And ever, while I live,
It is my fruit of choice ;
Its fragrancy divine
Hath made my soul rejoice.
I touch it with delight,
And 'tis a treasure dear ;
I taste, and sweeter still
Its hidden charms appear.
It yieldeth here to me
Sustaining food of peace,
And 'neath its hush profound
My rest knows no surcease.

Abandoned and alone,
I seek Thine arms, O Love.
Thou shalt Thy life bestow
With Bread from realms above.

POEMS OF THE

Surrendering all to Thee,
In strength of love divine,
My heart shall know no wish,
Save that Thine Eyes seek mine.
Then, sleeping on Thy Heart,
I smile for evermore,
And tender words of love
I whisper o'er and o'er.

As daisies in the Spring
Their chalices unveil,
So openeth to the sun
This blossom weak and frail.
Wouldst Thou my sun behold,
O King of Majesty?
'Tis Thy sweet, Sacred Host,
Small, fragile, like to me.
O may its heavenly flame,
Its clear and shining ray,
Bring forth within my soul
Abandonment for aye.

All creatures may depart,
And leave me lonely here ;
I live without desire,
If, Jesus, Thou art near ;
And if Thou leave me too,
O my one pearl Divine,
Without e'en a caress,
Then shall Thy joy be mine.
In peace my heart shall wait
Thy coming from above,
And I shall charm Thy Heart
With sweet refrains of love.

No, naught disturbeth me,
No anguish shall affright ;

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

Far, far above the lark
My soul shall wing her flight.
Far o'er the darkest clouds
The skies are ever blue,
And there Thy shore, my God,
Expandeth wide to view.
In peace my soul shall wait
Thy heavenly bliss above ;
Here, in Thy tiny Host,
I find the fruit of love.

May, 1897.



SECOND PART

THE DIVINE DEW

JESUS, my life, on Thy Mother's sweet heart,
Thou dost appear in Thy splendour of love.
Deign to my soul the deep mystery impart
Why Thou art exiled from Heaven above.
'Neath Thy loved veil, hid in spirit afar,
'Tis shrouding Thee closely from all mortal eye.
Near to Thee only, O bright morning star,
Am I foretasting thy bliss from on high.

When the aurora hath wakened anew,
The sun in his splendour of crimson and gold,
The balm of the Heavens, the sweet morning dew
Enricheth the blossoms full soon to unfold,
'Tis the pearl of the day dawn, mysteriously bright,
And beareth refreshment, its heavenly dower,
It stirreth the sap with the coming of light,
And gently unfoldeth the depth of the flower.

O Jesus, rare blossom so soon to uncloze,
I greet Thy first waking with rapturous love ;
I hail Thee, Beloved, Thou ravishing rose,
Fair bud, fresh and blooming, from meadows
above.
The arms of Thy Mother Thy garden shall be,
The throne of Thy glory, whereon Thou shalt
rest,
Thy Sun is her bosom unveiled but for Thee,
And *Thy dew is the Virginal milk of her breast.*

POEMS OF THE

O Saviour beloved, My Brother divine,
In Thine Infant glances the future I see.
For me Thou must leave Thy dear Mother and
mine ;
Already love yieldeth her anguish to Thee.
But in Thine unfolding, O bloom of the Cross,
My heart still discerneth the perfume of dawn.
The pearls of Thy Mother have suffered no loss,
Thy Blood is her virginal milk of the morn.

This dew on the Altar is gathered to-day,
The Angels would taste it with joy untold,
And the echo ariseth to God as we pray
Of the Voice from the Desert—" His coming
behold !"
Yea, the Word is the Host, at Thy Will it is done,
O Lamb of the Sacrifice, Priest evermore,
The Son of the Father is Mary's true son,
The Virginal milk is the Bread we adore.

The Seraphs may feed on His glory Divine,
With rapturous burnings of blissful delight,
But to me a weak child all is hid save the sign,
The Host of the Altar, Immaculate, White.
But ah ! 'tis the Milk of our infancy here ;
Such love as our Jesus no heart hath possessed.
Unsearchable power, love tender and dear,
The Host is the Virginal milk of my breast.

February, 1893.



LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

TO OUR LADY OF VICTORY

MOTHER, thy child, with sweet emotion,
Singeth of grateful love to thee ;
Thou hast fulfilled my heart's devotion,
Ever my hope, my strength to be.

By ties of love, of pain, of pleading,
Thou dost unite me evermore
To toils of Missionaries, leading
Noblest of lives on foreign shore.

'Tis theirs afar on earth to wander,
As they the name of Jesus preach ;
While I, in shade mysterious, ponder
Virtues He humbly came to teach.

I love the Cross, I sigh for anguish,
Suffering for God is my desire ;
If but one soul in fetters languish,
With thousand lives would I expire !

Carmel for me is immolation,
For those who forth to conquest go ;
Spreading to souls of every nation
Flames that my Jesus cast below.

So from far Su-chuen¹ oriental
To Afric-land it is my aim
To be, sweet Mother, instrumental
That all may love thy Virgin name !

¹ The countries evangelized by her " Missionary Brother."

POEMS OF THE

Silent in solitary hours,
With those who toil, my labours are ;
Thus through my Brother's priestly powers,
Souls to reclaim in Fields afar.

For them the flood baptismal swelleth,
That lowly, new-born babe may be
The august temple, where God dwelleth
In fulness of Divinity.

The shining paths of life supernal
Will throng with angel forms of light,
As infant bands to joys eternal
Swiftly betake their eager flight.

My envious soul thus by another
Will palms triumphant gladly wrest ;
What bliss, if I, O cherished Mother,
Be Sister of a martyr blest !

When combat ceaseth, exile passeth,
And shades of eve our souls await ;
God from His gracious store amasseth
The fruits of our Apostolate.

Honour for them and praise victorious,
Echoed in regions of the Blest ;
For me their light reflected glorious,
Eternally in Heaven possessed.

1897.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN TO HER LITTLE MARY

TO A POSTULANT NAMED MARY

I SEEK a child like to my Jesus,
To image my one Lamb to me ;
That I may hide them both together
In one same cradle tenderly.

Angels of Paradise might envy
Thy happiness of Sacred Vows ;
But I will give thee, little Mary,
The Infant God to be thy Spouse.

Thee have I chosen as the Sister,
Close to my Little Jesus pressed ;
Dost wish to be His fond companion,
Upon my Mother's heart to rest ?

Cradled beneath my veil and hidden,
Where He, the King of Heaven, hides,
His light will be the only star-beam
Whose shining hence thy pathway guides !

But that I ever hold thee sheltered
With Jesus 'neath my azure veil ;
Little must thou remain and lowly ;
Never must childlike virtue fail.

Thy lifted brow by meekness lighted,
Radiant and pure I fain would see,
But over all one gift I give thee—
O virtue rare—simplicity !

POEMS OF THE

To God eternal, Three in Oneness—
Angels adoring, homage yield ;
Yet He would have thee simply name Him
Jesus, *fair Flower of the field!*

Like to a white and humble daisy,
Lifting to Heaven its star-like face,
So is the tiny Babe of Yule-tide,
Simplest of Blossoms, Bloom of grace.

Blind is the world, the charm it knows not
Of King in exile from the skies ;
But oft thou seest tears of sorrow
Soft-shining in His little Eyes.

Then veil from memory all of trial,
This love-lit Infant to rejoice ;
Blessing the noble chains that bind thee,
Lifting to Him thy lilting voice.

God, whose o'er-ruling power restraineth
The billow surging in its might,
Smiles through the face, the form of childhood,
So small, so fragile in thy sight.

The Word, the Utterance of the Father,
Who lies for thee an exile here,
My sweetest Lamb, thy tiny Brother,
Speaks not unto thy listening ear.

Silence, His first fond pledge, He giveth,
Of love, beyond all words, for thee ;
Knowing this mute, responsive language,
Like to His silence thine shall be.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

And if betimes thy Jesus sleepeth,
So near Him shall thy spirit rest ;
His Heart divine, that ever watcheth,
Shall draw thee to His loving Breast.

Fear not, O Mary, be not troubled,
Meet for the day the task thereof ;
Thy only toil while hours are fleeting
Should be the burden of thy love.

If to thy heart there comes a whisper,
That of thy labour who can know,
“ *Great is my love* ”—behold thy answer :
“ Love is my labour here below.”

Jesus will weave thy crown of beauty,
If but His Love thy soul aspire ;
And He will bid thee reign in splendour,
If lost to all save His desire.

After this night of fleeting sorrow,
Thy soul shall meet His gentle gaze ;
Swifter than light, thy ravished being
Shall seek Him, knowing no delays !

Christmas, 1894.



POEMS OF THE

WHY I LOVE THEE, MARY

AH ! I would sing, my Mother, why I love thee so,
Why thy gentle name enthralls my very heart,
And why thy wondrous splendour, 'tis my joy to
know,

Never unto my soul doth pangs of fear impart.
If I visioned thee in glory of the skies,
Surpassing in thy beauty the ranks of blessed there,
I would, O Mother loved, lower my longing eyes,
To call myself thy child, ah ! then I would not dare.

For that a child may cherish a Mother loved and
dear,

Their hearts must weep together and kindred
sorrows share ;

O Sovereign of my heart in this strange exile here,
How didst thou weep to draw me ! What anguish
thou didst bear !

In pondering thy life as from the Gospel known,
I dare to look upon thee, to draw anear to thee.
I am in truth thy child, to me 'tis clearly shown,
For I behold thee human and suffering like me.

The Motherhood of God an angel offered thee,
Of God who reigns in power throughout eternity ;
O mystery profound, thy preference I see,
The pearl ineffable of thy Virginity !

O Virgin fair, thy soul immaculate we hail,
'Tis dearer to thy Lord than His abode above ;
Yea, well I know thy heart, a meek and lowly vale,
Encloseth my sweet Jesus, and ocean vast of love.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

I love thee, as I call thee the little handmaid blessed
Of God, whom thou hast charmed by thy humility ;
This virtue hath thy soul with every power possessed,
Drawing unto thy heart th' All-holy Trinity.
O'erspreading with His Shadow hath come the Holy
Ghost,

The Son—like to the Father—incarnate is in thee,
Poor sinners are His brethren, but of their countless
host,

Jesus, thy first born Son for evermore shall be.

O Mary, thou dost know, despite my littleness,
Like thee I now possess the mighty God of power,
But never do I fear my frailty to confess,
The treasure of the Mother, the children claim as
dower.

And oh ! I am thy child, my cherished Mother dear,
Thy virtues and thy love, are they not all for me ?
So when within my heart doth the white Host appear,
Jesus, thy tender Lamb, thinketh to rest in thee.

Thy mercy teacheth me 'tis not beyond my power
To walk in thy meek ways, O Queen of the elect.
The lowliest virtues thou didst practise every hour,
The narrow way to Heaven is bright, if thou direct.
Mary, when close to thee I love my littleness,
All greatness here below as vanity I see,
And when Elizabeth received thy fond caress,
I learned the practice sweet of ardent charity.

Then, radiant Queen of Heaven, I hark on bended
knees,

The canticle sublime that from thy heart out-
poured.

Thou teachest me to sing celestial melodies,

My soul to magnify in Jesus Christ, my Lord.

POEMS OF THE

Thy tender words of love through centuries I see,
As mystic roses fall to perfume all of time,
For He, *the mighty God, great things hath wrought*
in thee,
And I would ponder them to bless His power
sublime.

Joseph, thy spouse, knew not the miracle divine.
It was thy wish to hide in thy humility,
And thou didst let him weep *near tabernacle-shrine,*
Veiling the beauteous Saviour his vision might not
see.

O how my soul admires thy silence eloquent ;
'Tis music sweet to me, melodious to hear ;
It tells me of the greatness with mighty power blent,
Of souls who wait their succour till Heaven's aid
is near.

O Joseph ! O Mary ! at Bethlehem ye wait,
From every cruel home I see ye turn away,
Not one to give you welcome, the room is for the
great ;
To strangers poor and lowly the inns were closed
that day.
The room is for the great ; 'tis in a stable drear
The glorious Queen of Heaven unto her God gives
birth.

O Mother of the Saviour, how lovable, how dear,
How wondrous great I find thee in this poor spot
of earth !

O when the God eternal in swathing bands I see,
When from the Word divine I hear a feeble cry,
No envy of the angels, O Mother, stirreth me.
Their Lord supreme is now my cherished Brother
nigh !

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

O how I praise thee ! Thou, who to our poor earth
brings

The seed and the fair bloom of this most sacred
flower ;

O how I love thee, hearkening the shepherds and
the Kings,

And keeping all to ponder in thy heart from that
hour.

I love to see thee mingling with other women who
Unto the sacred Temple obediently depart ;

I love to see thee offering our Saviour to the view
Of Simeon, the ancient one, who pressed Him to
his heart.

Smiling at first I hearken his canticle sublime,
But soon my tears are falling as accents dread I
hear,

Plunging his gaze prophetic to future depths of time,
He sees *the sword of sorrow* to give thee, Mother
dear.

O Queen thou art of martyrs ! Until life's bitter eve
The cruel sword of anguish thy bosom shall
transpierce.

Thy hearth, thy home, thy country already thou
must leave,

To fly a King, pursuing with jealous fury fierce.

Jesus in peace is sleeping 'neath folding of thy veil,
When Joseph comes beseeching that thou at once
depart,

Then did obedience draw thee, for never did it fail,
Without delay or reason, swift at his side thou art.

Far in the land of Egypt 'twould seem, O Mother
mine,

That poverty entranced thee and joyous was thy
soul ;

POEMS OF THE

Thy Jesus was Himself thy Fatherland divine.

What matters exile here with Heaven 'neath thy
control?

But in Jerusalem deep sorrow shall oppress,

Like to an ocean vast, thy heart to inundate ;

Jesus for three long days hides from thy tenderness.

Ah ! exile this, indeed, with anguish desolate !

At last with love entrancing thou dost behold Him
nigh,

As 'mid the wondering Doctors His youthful charm
appears,

Saying, "*Why hast Thou done this? Thy father
loved and I*

*For three long days have sought Thee 'mid loneli-
ness and tears.'*"

The Infant God replieth—O depth of mystery !—

Unto His Mother loved, whose arms extend anew,

"*Why didst thou seek to find Me, is it not known to
thee*

*The works that are My Father's are given Me to
do?'"*

The sacred Gospel teaches that He in wisdom
grew !

To Mary and to Joseph Jesus was subject e'er ;

My heart to me revealeth the love His fond Heart
knew,

Dwelling in sweet obedience unto their tender
care.

The mystery of the Temple full well I comprehend,

The answer, tone and manner of my most lovely
King.

Mother, thou art the model of souls, unto the end,

Who seek Him in the darkness of faith and
suffering !

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

The all-wise King of Heaven would have His Mother
know

The night of faith submissive, and agony endure ;
Hence it is good to suffer, to taste the cup of woe ;

Yea, here to love and suffer is happiness most
pure.

All that His love hath given my Jesus may retain,

Tell Him ne'er to consider my longings as of yore ;
And if He hideth from me, patient shall I remain,

Until that day undying when faith shall be no
more.

Now 'tis at Nazareth, O Virgin full of grace,

In poverty thou dwellest and knowest no desire ;
Nor ecstasy, nor miracle, nor rapture there had place,
To fill thy life with splendour, O Queen of
heavenly choir !

Ah ! countless are the little ones that throng the earth
to-day,

Unfearing, without tremor, to thee they lift their
eyes,

Incomparable Mother, 'tis by the common way

It pleaseth thee to go, that thou mayst lead them
to the skies.

Throughout this exile sad I long, O Mother mine,

To dwell with thee, to follow each day thy path
above.

In contemplating thee, enraptured, I divine

In thy pure, virgin heart the deep abyss of love ;
Thy gentle gaze maternal will banish all of fear ;

It teacheth me to weep, it teacheth happiness ;
I would not hide in sorrow when Feasts my spirit
cheer.

Thou wilt I should share them, and thou art
near to bless.

POEMS OF THE

At Cana's Feast, perceiving the Bridegroom and the
Bride,
Pained with a swift anxiety because they had no
wine,
Thy heart its sweet solicitude to Jesus did confide,
Hoping to win the succour of His power divine.
Jesus would seem at first repellent of thy prayer ;
 *"What matters it, O Woman," He said, "to thee
 or Me?"*
But see His Heart's deep centre—He called thee
Mother there—
And His first miracle He wrought purely for love
of thee.

One day when He was teaching and sinners pressed
to hear
Him who so longed to grant them in Heav'n His
bliss untold,
I saw thee with them, Mother, so meekly standing
near,
And someone said to Jesus, His Face thou wouldst
behold ;
O then before the multitude He spake in accents
clear
The love in its immensity that did His bosom
fill.
He said, *"My mother, brother, sister, all to Me
appear
In faithful souls who live to do My Heavenly
Father's will."*

O my most tender Mother, O spotless Virgin maid,
When listening to thy Jesus let sadness not
oppress,
But be thou glad that He such love for us displayed,
Proclaiming us His kindred, despite our littleness.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

Ah ! yes, thou dost rejoice His life He gave for us,
With treasures infinite of His divinity ;
I love, I bless thee, Mary, when I see thee thus,
Outpouring on our souls thy generosity.

Thou lovest us as Jesus loves, in very truth and
deed,
And thou for us art willing to dwell from Him
away ;
To love, 'tis to give all—to give oneself in need.
This thou has willed to prove by being here our
stay ;
The Saviour knoweth well thy tenderness most dear,
He knows the secret stores of thy maternal love,
Refuge of sinners thou—to thee He left us here,
When from the Cross He went to wait for us
above.

Mary, I see thee stand on Calvary's rugged height,
Beside the Cross—thy Altar—as priest for sacri-
fice ;
And to appease the justice of God's eternal might
Thou offerest Emmanuel—Himself our ransom
price.
A prophet hath declared, O Mother desolate,
“ *See if there be sorrow in anguish like to thine,*”
O blessed Queen of martyrs, thy love to consummate,
Thy heart's blood pours for us in quenchless
stream benign !

The dwelling of St. John, thy chosen home I see,
To son of Zebedee thy Jesus giveth place.
Ah ! 'tis the last sweet message the Gospel giveth
me,
Of Mary, ever Virgin, I find no further trace.

POEMS OF THE

Does not this deep of silence to listening hearts
reveal,

Thy Son, the Word Eternal, would to our wonder-
ing eyes

The secrets of thy life for evermore unseal,

When we are one with Him the elect of Paradise.

Ah ! soon I too shall hear this heavenly harmony !

Soon to His fair Eden I go to see thy face !

*O thou, who in life's morning didst come to smile on
me,*

*Come smile once more, 'tis evening—night shadows
fall apace ;*

The splendour of thy shining I fear not now to know.

With thee I have suffered—hear thou my heart's
deep sigh,

*To sing upon thy knee—why I have loved thee so,
And to repeat for ever : Thy little child am I !*

May, 1897.



LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

TO SAINT JOSEPH

JOSEPH, in deep humility
 Passeth thy life, so fair, so great ;
Jesus and Mary dwell with thee,
 Their beauty thou dost contemplate.
The Son of God an infant lay
 Full oft upon thy heart at rest,
With joy submissive to thy sway,
 Obedient to thy least behest.

Like thee, in solitude we serve
 Jesus and Mary, day by day ;
Their joy we seek without reserve,
 For this we long, we toil, we pray.
So keenly was Teresa stirred
 With trust in thy unfailing power,
She tells us each swift prayer was heard
 With answering aid, with soulful dower.

When all of trial passeth o'er,
 One sweetest hope shall vision be ;
Nigh unto Mary evermore,
 O Father, we shall look on thee !
Thy story then our hearts shall learn,
 Too fair for mortal eye to see ;
Thy glory then shall we discern,
 Anthemned in Heaven eternally.

POEMS OF THE

TO MY ANGEL GUARDIAN

GLORIOUS guardian of my soul,
Shining in thy light supernal
As the ardent flames, that roll
Near the throne of the Eternal.
Thou art come to earth for me
Here to light me with thy splendour.
Angel blest, my brother be,
Comforter and friend most tender.

To thee is my weakness known,
By the hand each day thou'lt guide me,
Casting from my way the stone,
Watching, guarding close beside me.
Ever doth thy voice invite
To uplift my gaze to Heaven
When most lowly in thy sight
Radiance new to thee is given.

Thou who canst traverse all space
Fleeter than the swiftest lightning,
Fly full often in my place
To my own, their sorrows brightening.
With thy wings dry every tear,
Goodness of my Jesus singing,
Breathe my name to hearts so dear,
Whisper charms from anguish springing.

Short my life, through fleeting hours,
I would save my sinning brother.
Angel mine, bestow thy powers ;
Take my gift, I have no other.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

Save my poverty, my pain,
But if to thy bliss united
God will not the gift disdain,
But will deem His love requited.

Ever is the vision thine
Of the King of Kings, most holy,
Ever is the Bread Divine
And the cross, my treasure lowly ;
With the Cross, the Host and thee
To uphold and guide me ever,
I shall linger peacefully
For the life that faileth never.

February, 1897.



POEMS OF THE

TO MY LITTLE BROTHERS IN HEAVEN, THE HOLY INNOCENTS

“The Lord shall gather together the lambs with His arm, and shall take them up in His bosom.”—ISAIAH xl ii.

“Now to him that worketh, the reward is not reckoned according to grace but according to debt. But to him that worketh not, yet believeth in him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is reputed to justice, according to the purpose of the grace of God. As David also termeth the blessedness of a man to whom God reputeth justice without works.”—ROM. iv 4, 5, 6.

O HAPPY little ones, with what fond tenderness
And heavenly grace

Your King hath blessed you, touching with a fond
caress

Each joyous face ;
A type of all the Innocents you were to me,
Pondering, I knew
The heavenly gifts the King of Kings abundantly
Had given to you.

Treasures of Paradise your little souls perceived,
Ere knowing here
The bitter sorrows that full oft our hearts have
grieved,

Wee lilies dear !
Your fragrant buds the Lord hath harvested apart
At break of dawn,
Their folded petals by the Sun of Love—His Heart—
Were open drawn.

What care ineffable, what tenderness extreme,
What loving power,
Did from the heart of Mother Church upon you beam,
Babes of an hour.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

You were the first-born fruit that her maternal arm
 Raised to the Lord ;
You will for ever 'neath the blue of heaven's charm
 Delight afford.

As infant followers of the Spotless Lamb, you go
 In virgin white ;
And you can sing what few on this sad earth can
 know,
 New songs of light !
Scions of glory, ye have come with smiles of peace,
 No cruel wars ! . . .
Your Lord for you hath victory that shall not cease,
 Fair Conquerors !

We see no dazzling gleam of precious stone ablaze
 'Mid golden hair ;
Only the amber light reflected in the maze
 Of ringlets there.
The palms, the crowns of light, the treasures of the
 blest,
 All are your own ;
In yon fair home, gathered upon their knees ye rest,
 Each on his throne.

One with the little Angels near the altar shrine
 I see you play ;
Singing your childish songs, your graceful ranks
 entwine
 In charming way.
God shows you how He made the rose, the wind, the
 bird,
 By love's design ;
No genius here can know the secrets you have heard
 From lips divine.

The azure firmament lifts its mysterious veil,
It floateth far ;
That your wee hands 'mid fires that glow and
pale,
Grasp at each star.
Running, you leave a silv'ry trace across the skies,
When eve is fair ;
To whiteness of the Milky Way I lift my eyes,
And see you there.

To Mary's open arms, when radiant feasts are done,
 You swiftly creep,
 Hid 'neath her starry veil, each fair-haired little
 one
 Falls fast asleep.
 Stealing the heavens, ye charm the Lord with
 hardiesse
 Of close embrace ;
 Fearless, ye dare to touch with infantile caress
 His sacred Face.

O Holy Innocents, as model unto me
 He giveth you ;
 Here, little ones, I wish for evermore to be
 Your image true.
 I pray you win for me the virtues of a child,—
 Your candid gaze,
 Your trust that charms my heart, your spotless,
 undefiled
 And loving ways.

O Lord, the longings of my heart Thy Heart can
see
 'Mid exile here ;
Harvests of shining lilies I would cull for Thee ;
 Bid them appear !

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

Spring buds, I seek them, and I love them for Thy
love,

And on Thee call !

To pour by grace Thy floods baptismal from above,
Come, harvest all !

Yes, I would haste to fill their ranks surpassing white
Of innocence,—

Joys, pains, for little ones I offer in Thy sight
With love intense.

Among the innocents I claim my chosen place,
O King Divine !

Like them, I long in heaven to kiss Thy sacred Face,
O Jesus mine !

February, 1897.



POEMS OF THE

THE MELODY OF ST. CECILIA

“ During the sound of the instruments, Cecilia was singing in her heart.”—OFFICE OF THE CHURCH.

O SAINT of the Lord, I contemplate entranced
The luminous pathway down-streaming from thee ;
And I seem still to see thy sweet music enhanced
By the choirs celestial that float unto me.
My soul is in exile, O hearken my prayer,
On thy virginal bosom then bid me repose ;
'Tis a lily immaculate, shining all fair,
With marvellous brightness its purity glows.

O chaste, holy dove, fleeting o'er time and space,
No spouse save thy Jesus thy spirit hath sought,
He hath chosen thy soul and in union of grace,
Enriched it with virtue His right Hand hath wrought.

But dareth a mortal, resplendent with youth,
To breathe thy fair fragrance, O heavenly flower ?
To cull thee, to win thee with ardour, forsooth !

Valerian would offer his heart as thy dower.
Magnificent nuptials he soon would prepare ;
His palace resounding with melody flows,
But thy virginal heart sang a canticle rare,
Whose echoes supernal to heaven arose.

Ah ! how couldst thou sing far from home in the skies,
And seeing a mortal so frail at thy side ;
Didst thou long to abandon this life and arise
In union with Jesus fore'er to abide !

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

Ah ! no ! for I hear thy seraphical lyre,
The harp of thy love whose fond accents allure,
And its music sublime doth this anthem inspire,
“ *Jesus mine, tender Spouse, keep my heart ever
pure.*”

Ineffable trust, strain of beauty and bliss,
Thou revealest thy love by thy song of delight ;
That love without fear sleeping, lost in the kiss
Of the still Heart of God, as a child in the night.

In the blue vault above shines a luminous star,
And its tremulous fire yet timidly white,
Through the night of the spirit unveileth afar
The virginal love of the Spouse on the height.

* * * * *

Then Valerian lost in his rapturous dream,
Cecilia, thy love was his only desire,
Still greater his noble alliance will deem,
When thou pointest the future his love may aspire.
“ Fair youth,” thou didst say, “ at my side ever near,
An Angel of God keepeth watch o’er my heart,
He leaveth me never, I sleep without fear,
And his pinions o’erspreading now shield me apart.
In the night I behold the clear light of his face,
Its radiance more sweet than the dawn’s kindling
hour,

It seemeth an image transparent to trace
Of the countenance rapt of my God in its power.”
“ Wilt thou show me this Angel ?” Valerian replied,
“ That faith in thy word may be nurtured in me ?
Else fear that the love of my heart be denied,
And changed in its fury to hatred for thee.”

O dove in the clefts of the rock hid from sight,
The net of the fowler awakens no fear,
For the Face of thy Jesus hath shone in its light,
And the Gospel reposeth thy bosom anear.

POEMS OF THE

With a heavenly smile thou hast whispered the word :

“ My guardian celestial hath heard thy desire,
Full soon with his message thy heart shall be stirred,
'Tis by martyrdom thou must to heaven aspire.

But before thou canst see, o'er thy being must flow

The waters of Baptism limpid and white ;

The true God indwelling, thy spirit must know,

And His Spirit illumine thy heart with its light.

The Word, Son of God, and yet Mary's true Son,

By infinite love on the Altar is lain,

Thou must taste of His banquet—'tis heaven begun,—

And feast with thy Jesus, the Lamb truly slain.

Then the Seraph shall welcome a brother's new birth,

And see the Eternal enthroned in thy heart,

He will lift thee afar from the vision of earth,

To the dwelling whence flames of his being up-
start.”

“ My heart too is flaming,” transfigured, replied

The noble Patrician with ardour divine,

“ I long that the Lord in my soul should abide,

Cecilia, my love then were worthy of thine !”

Enrobed in the vesture of innocence pure,

Valerian could see the fair Angel of light,

For the vision sublime then his soul could endure,

And, ravished, he gazed on the marvellous sight.

The Seraph 'mid flames held the bloom of the rose,

And lilies whose whiteness was woven above ;

In the gardens of heaven such flowers uncloset,

'Neath the star beams creative of Him who is love.

“ Cherished Spouses of heaven, these roses shall
twine

The martyr's fair brow,” saith the Angel of light,

“ No voice in its music, no harper divine

Can hymn this celestial adornment aright.

“ I am lost in my God, and His wonders I see,

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

But for Him I can never know suffering or pain,
No tears and no blood can I offer to be
The pledge of a heart that for Him would be slain.
The Angels above in His purity share,
This infinite joy is their gift without end,
But thou, pure of heart, mortal suffering may bear,
And thus e'en the Seraph in rapture transcend."

* * * * *

" Virginitv pointeth its symbol of light,
In these lilies the gift of the Lamb unto thee,
When crowned with their aureole dazlingly white,
Thou shalt sing the new canticle eternally.
Your union will gender the souls of the blest,
Who seek only Jesus their ravishing Love,
You will see them ascending as flames from His
breast,
Near the throne where His chosen ones linger
above."

Cecilia, wilt lend me thy melody sweet?

I would draw to my Jesus all hearts here below,
I would cast, like to thee, my poor life at His feet,
I would give Him my blood and my tears as they
flow.

O grant me to taste on this far-exiled shore
Thy perfect abandonment, sweet fruit of love ;
O Saint of my heart, soon from earth evermore,
May my flight be anear thee in home-land above !

April 28, 1893.



POEMS OF THE

CANTICLE OF ST. AGNES

CHRIST is my only Love ; He is my life alone,
He is the Spouse divine who ravisheth mine eyes ;
Vibrating, now I hear the gentle undertone
Of His melodious sighs.

My tresses He hath bound with precious jewels rare,
Upon my finger gleams the nuptial ring of light ;
With star-beam scintillate, He weaves, surpassing
fair,
My mantle Virgin white.

My hands He hath adorned with pearls of splendrous
ray,
About my neck He twineth His gift of gems
unpriced ;
My ears are bright with rubies, they pledge me on
this day
The heritage of Christ.

Yes, I am now the spouse of Him unto whose sway
The Angels trembling bow, throughout eternity ;
The moon, the sun, extol His praise by night, by
day,
In ceaseless harmony.

His empire is the Heavens, His nectar is divine,
A Virgin for His Mother He chooseth here below :
His Father is true God, a Spirit pure, benign,
From whence all beings flow.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

When Christ I love, and when His melting touch I
feel,

My heart becomes more pure, more chastened than
am I ;

The kisses of His Mouth virginity reveal,
And give eternally !

Already He hath placed His sign upon my face,

No other lover dare approach nigh unto me ;

My heart He hath sustained by His all-potent grace,
My King beloved is He !

Empurpled is my life with precious blood divine,

All heavenly delight e'en now I seem to taste ;

While milk and honey flow from his sweet mouth to
mine,

My soul He hath embraced !

No fear of flame or steel my trustful spirit knows,

No, naught disturbs my soul—ineffable my peace ;

Consuming is the love that in my spirit glows,
Its fire shall never cease.

January, 21, 1896.



POEMS OF THE

TO THE VENERABLE THÉOPHANE VENARD

THÉOPHANE, Angel and Martyr of love,
All the elect of the heavenly choir
Sing of thy praises with rapture above,
While Seraphs to serve thee with joy aspire !
Ne'er can I mingle, on strange lonely shore,
My voice, faint and feeble, with songs of the
Blessed ;
But my harp in a far land vibrates o'er and o'er,
As I sing with delight of thy virtues possessed.

Like a song, thy brief passage from earth to the skies,
A song, whose soft music would thrill every heart,
From thy spirit poetic, for Jesus arise
Fair blooms, newly born e'er the moments depart,
When softly ascending to heavenly sphere,
Thy floating farewell had the echo of spring,
“ *Ephemeral nothing;—I go to appear
In thy beautiful Eden, my first fruits to bring.*”

O Martyr, exultant when torture is nigh ;
Bliss savours of pain by invincible might ;
Thou smilest to live, and thou smilest to die,
To suffer for God ! ah ! it seemeth delight.
And when thy tormentor would shorten for thee
The anguish of martyrdom—hark thy reply :
“ *The longer my dolorous passion shall be,
The greater the worth—more contented am I !*”

O virginal lily, the King heard thy sigh,
And stooped to thy beauty in life's vernal hour ;
“ *Just for His good pleasure He gathers thee nigh.*”
Ah ! yes, I behold thee, “ *love's opening flower.*”

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

And now all of exile is faded and gone,
The blessed rejoice in thy splendour above ;
The breath of thy perfume is fresh as the dawn
To the Virgin Immaculate, fair Rose of love.

Soldier of Christ, all thy weapons give o'er,
For souls I would suffer, Oh ! hark to me now,
With tears I would strive till my life blood outpour,
Protect me, sustain me, with courage endow.
For them I would wish that the war never cease,
Till I take by assault Thy fair Kingdom, O Lord,
Thou comest to earth not to bring us Thy peace,
No, no, not Thy peace, but the fire, the sword.

Ah, fondly I cherish this infidel land
That erst was the aim of thy ardour—thy love ;
With joy I would fly to its ocean-bound strand,
If Jesus should ask it some day from above.
But distance in Him we for ever efface,
The Universe meets as a point in His sight,
My actions, my suffering traversing all space,
Win sinners from darkness to love and to light.

O were I like thee but a fresh blooming flower,
That Jesus would cull with the Springtime anear !
Descend from thy heaven at my last longed-for hour,
Descend, I beseech thee, O Martyr most dear.
O come with the virginal flame of thy love,
O come to enkindle my soul in His sight,
That I fly with the souls that surround thee above,
In the regions eternal of infinite light.

February 2, 1897.

THIRD PART

THE SHEPHERDESS OF DOMRÉMY LISTENING TO HER VOICES

FRAGMENTS—PIOUS RECREATIONS

A SHEPHERDESS am I,
Joan, with my flock most dear ;
My spinning wheel I ply,
Light hangs my crook anear !

I love my solitude
In this deep wooded dell ;
In secret oft I brood,
Love's hidden sentinel !

An humble crown I weave
Where field flowers gaily throng ;
At Mary's shrine to leave
My offering and my song.

Of nature fair I dream,
Of birds, of blooms that spring ;
I gaze into the stream,
Whose murmuring wavelets sing.

The valley and the mead
Rejoice my waking eyes ;
The mountain summits lead
Unto the nearing skies.

POEMS OF THE

Strange melodies I hear,
They summon me apart ;
Methinks in angel sphere
Such voices thrill the heart.

I question air and space,
I contemplate the skies ;
Alas ! I see no face
Mysteriously arise.

Why may I not pass o'er
The cloud that veils my sight,
And to celestial shore
Wing my enraptured flight ?

* * * * *

ST. CATHERINE AND ST. MARGARET.

O LOVELY child, our comrade sweet, confiding,
Thy pure, appealing voice hath pierced the sky ;
The hovering angel e'er thy footsteps guiding,
Hath borne thy longings to the Lord most High.

'Tis from His Kingdom we are now descending,
Wherein we reign for Love's eternity ;
And He is speaking, with our voices blending
His will for thee.

Thou must depart, all foes for country braving,
Its faith to guard, its honour to restore ;
Jesus and Mary on thy banner waving,
Shall lift thine arm, victorious evermore.

(*To Joan, who weeps*) Joan, be consoled, and dry
the teardrops falling,
Lend ear and look, the Heavens open wide ;

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

There shalt thou see that pain hath charms en-
thralling,
There wilt rejoice by love's harmonious tide.

There sweet refrains thy spirit will inspire,
Strengthen thy soul for combat to begin ;
Joan, seek a love impetuous as fire,
Suffering to win.

Souls strong and pure, in life's dark night of
sorrow,
Claim but one glory here,—the cross to bear,
Though stern the rod, soon dawns the glorious
morrow,
When kingly sceptre shineth not so fair.

SAINT MICHAEL.

Michael am I, and France my cherished dower,
As Prince I rule the army of the skies ;
E'en unto hell I flash my blinding power,
The envious demon 'fore my banner flies.

Once as a star in scintillating wonder
Did he arise to rule the holy place,
Prostrate, I cried with echoing voice of thunder :
“ *Who like to God beholds His Face ?* ”

Lo ! dost thou see, God's fearful vengeance falleth,
Cleaves the abyss, down-hurling Lucifer,
A seraph lost in pride, he ne'er for mercy calleth,
Nor from th' abyss shall stir.

Ah, yes ! 'tis pride the angel overturneth,
Outcasting Lucifer a reprobate ;
But when proud man with mortal envy burneth,
God's pity covers him e'er 'tis too late.

POEMS OF THE

The Word, like to His Father, God Eternal,
Puts on our weakness that our strength abound,
Renews creation by a power supernal,
Born of His lowliness profound.

To rescue France this mighty God electeth
No conqueror of earth, no pomp defiled ;
The boastful aid of pride His preference rejecteth,
For weak arm of a child.

O Joan, 'tis thou, the heaven-appointed maiden,
Who must depart in answer to her call,
Must leave thy lambs, thy fields with mem'ries
laden,
The dew-lit vale, the meadow, woodland, all ;

Take up thine arms, go forth, fear not the danger,
Speed on apace, thou saviour of thy France ;
Drive from her borders the perfidious stranger,
Go—I shall crown thy valiant lance.

Gird on this sword and to the conflict wear it,
For thee 'twas guarded long by angel wing ;
A banner white is thine, then as thy standard
bear it,
Go thou, and find the King.

JOAN (*alone*).

For Thee alone, O God, my father I am leaving,
My friends, my loved ones all, my village
steeple near ;
For Thee I go afar, where battle-waves are
heaving ;
For Thee I leave my vales, my tender flock most
dear.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

My gentle lambs give place to armèd hordes
pursuing ;—

I give my infant joys, my eighteen springs I
yield,

To seize the cruel sword, my offering renewing,
Afar from gentle sward and flowers of the field.

My voice so faintly blent with breath of floating
breezes

Shall soon resounding call to battle and to strife ;
And for the dreamy bell whose music pain
appeases,

I hear the rush and roar where woe and death
are rife.

The sacrifice I love, the cross is my desire,

O deign to summon me—to suffer here am I,

O Master, for Thy love all anguish I aspire,

Jesus, my Well-Beloved, for Thee I long to die !

SAINT MICHAEL.

Joan, 'tis the hour from thy home to fly,

Yea, 'tis the Lord who arms thee for the fray ;

Daughter of God, fear not the call to die,

Soon dawns for thee the light of endless day.

SAINT MARGARET.

O lovely child, thou too wilt reign,

SAINT CATHERINE.

White is thy robe, the Lamb to follow evermore.

THE TWO SAINTS (*together*).

Hymn with us now thy loving strain,

Praise the Most High, His regal power adore.

POEMS OF THE

SAINT MICHAEL.

Joan, see thy name emblazoned in the skies,
There with the saviours of thy France to shine;
Soon breaks the light upon thy lifted eye,
There shalt thou reign a queen by power divine.
(The Saints offer Joan the palm and the crown.)

Vibrant with joy, raptured we see
Halo prophetic shining o'er thee from the height,
And from above we bring to thee

SAINT CATHERINE.

The martyr's palm.

SAINT MARGARET.

The Virgin's crown of light.

SAINT MICHAEL (*presenting the sword*).

Combat must prove thee e'er the palm thou'lt bear,
Nay, nay, not yet a victor art thou crowned;
Forth to the field of honour nobly fare.
Joan, dost thou hear the rush of war resound?

THE SAINTS (*together*).

In fiercest fight we follow near,
Ever to victory thy onward steps we lead,
And on thy brow soon shall appear
Halo of light, for thee, a victor's mead.

JOAN (*alone*).

I dread no danger of the fray,
With you, my Saints, beloved and dear;
Unto the Lord of hosts I pray,
And rout the foeman without fear;

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

O France, my country, dear thou art,
To thee new faith I fain would bring,
For thee I give my life, my heart,
In mortal combat for my King.
No fear of death do I confess,
Eternity my longed-for goal,
I must depart and onward press ;
O God, my mother dear console,
Saint Michael, deign my cause to bless.

SAINT MICHAEL.

E'en now the songs of the elect I hear,
Anthems of joy with love's celestial lyre ;
Joan, crowned by Pontiff-King in heavenly sphere,
Martyr is now declared by Angel choir.
Humble and mild, this holy child,
Wide through the world, all hearts her praise
proclaim ;
God seals her verdict, undefiled,
Joan, Blessed Joan, shall answer to her name.

O great the anguish France shall then endure,
Pride in her bosom leaves its cruel taint ;
But see, in glory shines a pledge secure,
Pure souls shall cry aloud to Joan, the Saint !
Voices upmount till Heaven shall hark,
Vibrant with hope the waves of harmony advance,
List to our prayer, Hail Joan of Arc !
Come, come once again to save thy France !

1894.

POEMS OF THE

HYMN OF JOAN OF ARC AFTER HER VICTORIES

GLORY and honour ever be
To Thee, my God, Almighty Lord.
To me Thou gav'st the victory,
Thy poor weak child Thou didst reward,
And thou, O Mary, Mother mine,
Fair star of never failing light,
Through darkness thou didst ever shine,
Protecting me from Heaven's height.
The whiteness of thy mellowed ray,
O gentle star, when shall I see,
When shall thy splendour point my way,
When shall thy sweet veil shelter me,
That restful on thy heart I stay?

My soul in exile yearns to see
The wonders of eternal bliss;
Nothing henceforth can solace me,
Save God in Heaven, naught but this—
To see Thee—yet for vision clear,
To combat bravely I must go,
And souls unnumbered conquer here,
To prove my love on fields below.
Exile shall pass—'tis but a day—
And soon to the celestial shore,
Without return I fly away,
Where cloud and shadow are no more,
With Jesus e'er in love to stay.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

PRAYER OF JOAN OF ARC IN HER PRISON

My voices truth foretold :—a prisoner behold me.

I look for help from none save from Thee, O my
Lord,

An orphan for Thy love, no father's arms enfold me,
Estranged from cloudless skies, I tread no flowery
sward.

My valley lies afar—my mother, fond and cherished,
The standard of the Cross I hold aloft on high.

Lord, in Thy Name I led where countless foes have
perished,

And mighty warriors paused to heed my battle cry.

Behold my rich reward, a prison dark confining,

The price of blood, of toil, of sorrow's bitter tear.

I see no more the spot where infant memories twining,
Enwreath the smiling fields where myriad blooms
appear ;

I see no mountain far with soft, enclouding curtain,
Its snowy summit plunged in azure of the sky ;

I hear no village bell with note so faint, uncertain,
In undulating waves that float and softly die.

My dungeon dread, obscure, the firmament is veiling,

I seek in vain the stars, the radiance of the night ;

No more the leafy Spring shall twine o'er me its
paling,

When 'mid my flocks I sleep, soft shadowed from
the light ;

Here in my troubled sleep, 'mid sad and tearful
showers,

I dream of odours rare, refreshment of the morn,

I dream of lowly vales, of gently wooded bowers,

I wake with clank of chains, from slumber rudely
torn.

POEMS OF THE

O Lord, for love of Thee I fear nor death nor fire,
My martyrdom of pain I willingly embrace.
To see Thee, O my Jesus, to clasp Thee, I aspire,
No longing hath my heart save to behold Thy
Face.
My cross I gladly take, sweet Saviour, go before me,
To die for Thy pure love, this only I desire ;
O Love, I long to die, in union to adore Thee ;
Jesus, I long to die that Thou new life inspire.

1894.



LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

THE VOICES OF JOAN DURING HER MARTYRDOM

WE have descended from th' eternal shore.
Smiling, we lead thee to celestial height ;
See ! fair the crown to gleam for evermore
On thy pure brow with love's immortal light.

O come with us, fair maiden, come,
Come to yon azure clear above ;
Leave exile for thy heavenly home,
Hither ! no longer roam,
God's child of love !

Fierce mounts the flame upon yon raging pyre.
More ardent still the love for thy sweet Lord ;
Dew from the skies shall quench the torturing fire,
Soft touch of peace shall pitying Heaven accord.

Behold deliverance : angels vie
To cheer thee with seraphic aid.
Already waves the palm on high,
Jesus in love draws nigh,
Great-hearted maid.

O virgin martyr—pain for one short breath,
Peace then—eternal is thy heart's repose.
Weep not, for France is rescued by thy death ;
Through thee her children see the heavens un-
close.

POEMS OF THE

JOAN (*expiring*).

Eternal life for me is nigh,
The heavens open to my view ;
Dear France, to save thee now I die.
Take, Mary, my last sigh,
Jesu!—Jesu!



LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

THE DIVINE JUDGEMENT

I ANSWER from on high, thy voice with plaint appealing,
I break the cruel bond that would thy heart enchain;
O fly to Me, My dove, each wound My love is healing,
Come—winter now is past; come unto Heaven and reign!

Joan, thy angel calls thy name,
And I, thy Judge, will now proclaim
That in thy soul hath burned the flame
Enkindled by the ceaseless fire of love.

O come, beloved, be thou crowned;
Thy tears I dry that joy abound.
Day dawns and fades the night profound.
Come now, receive My raptured kiss above.

Come, with comrades blest,
O'er far mountain crest.
The Lamb is thy rest.
Come with Virgin throng!

Beloved of My Heart,
I call thee apart;
Transformèd thou art.
Come, sing the new song!

Thee, angels surround,
From white phalanx crowned.
Thy praises resound,
Th' Eternal anear!

POEMS OF THE

O shepherdess frail,
Brave warrior, hail !
Thy light shall not pale,
Immortal thou'lt shine !
O shepherdess frail,
Brave warrior, hail !
Behold Heaven is thine !



LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

THE CANTICLE OF TRIUMPH

THE SAINTS.

THINE is the crown, immortal, fading never,
Martyr of God, this palm is all thine own ;
We have prepared before thy King for ever
Thy radiant throne.

Rest with us, Joan, thou dove from tangled wild-
wood,
Force from the hunter's net ; from forest gloom ;
Here wilt thou find the streamlet of thy childhood,
Here space, with fields of blithesome bloom.

Swift be thy flight, unfurl thy gleaming pinions,
Soar in thy bliss unto each golden star ;
Seek yonder vaults o'erspreading love's dominions,
Speeding afar.

Joan, all is past, thy foe, thy darksome prison,
Sister of seraphs shall thy title be ;
Spouse of thy Jesus, with Him thou art risen ;
Rest on His Heart, He pledgeth thee !

JOAN.

Lo ! He is mine, ineffable His sweetness,
His Heaven is for me !

THE SAINTS.

Yea, Heaven is for thee !

POEMS OF THE

JOAN.

Saints, angels, Mary ; God in His completeness,
All are for me !

* * * * *

THE SAINTS.

Upon the distant earth are passing countless ages,
Since that immortal hour that opened heaven for
thee ;
But time is as a day on God's eternal pages,
A day undying shall it be !

JOAN.

O endless day, thy beauty is unclouded,
Naught wrests from me the glory ever thine ;
Phantoms of earth are by thy splendour shrouded,
For Heaven is mine !

THE SAINTS.

Yea, Heaven is thine !



LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

PRAYER OF FRANCE TO THE VENERABLE JOAN OF ARC

O JOAN, recall the fair land of thy birth,
Thy fertile vale enamelled with its bloom ;
The field-flower's smile to wake thine infant mirth,
All thou didst leave to cheer my bitter gloom.
Remember thou thy France, saved by thy spear and
shield,
An angel from on high, my anguish thou hast healed ;
Hark ! 'mid the night of pain
France groaneth yet again,
Remember now !

Remember thou the triumph of thy story,
At Rheims, at Orleans in that heaven-sent hour ;
When in God's name and with immortal glory,
The kingdom of the Franks emerged in power !
Now, far from thee, I suffer sadly sighing,
Come now to save, sweet Martyr, Joan undying.
Break thou my cruel chain,
Heed thou my cry of pain,
Remember thou !

I come to thee, my arms with fetters laden,
My brow enveiled, my eyes suffused with tears ;
Among the Queens I mourn, O dauntless Maiden,
My children drink the chalice of my fears.
They know not God, they tear me in their madness.
O Joan, in pity heal my mortal sadness ;
Return, great-hearted maid,
Lend thine angelic aid.
Hope stirs me now !

POEMS OF THE

HYMN TO OBTAIN THE CANONIZATION OF THE VENERABLE JEANNE D'ARC

O God of hosts, Thy Church is interceding
That on her altars soon there may be crowned
A martyr blessed, a Virgin warrior pleading,
For whom the Heav'ns with jubilee resound.

O King of Heaven,
By power divine,
To Jeanne be given
Halo and shrine !

She asks no conqueror's arm—France is undoing
Her noblest efforts—heed then her desire,
Give Joan—a Saint at throne of mercy suing,
Proud heroes pale before a martyr's pyre.

Joan is Thy Masterpiece, O God of splendour,
A warrior's soul, a heart of quenchless flame,
Both hast Thou given this Virgin frail and slender,
Her lily-wreath is twined with laurelled fame.

She heard afar in humble meadow kneeling,
Voices of Heaven call to cruel war ;
She rose to heed the plaint of France appealing,
Her presence stirred the soldier heart with awe.

Proud warriors pledge their souls for humble
shriving,
Won by the dazzling splendour of her glance ;
Her words of flame the torch of faith reviving
Curbs bold defiance as with angel lance.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

By miracle unique in battle-story,
We see a monarch trembling in alarm,
Reconquering his diadem of glory
By the uplifting of a child's weak arm.

We sing not pride of Joan's victorious hour ;
We laud not pomp and panoply thereof,
But of a truer worth, a mightier power,
Her stainless heart—her martyrdom of love.

She rescued France, nor did her spirit languish,
But Heaven's seal upon her virtues rare
Was yet to be the pang of bitter anguish,
The blazonry of Jesus, shining there.

Bound to the cruel stake in pure oblation,
She heard the voices of her blessed three.
She leaves her exile—Saviour of her Nation,
And mounts to Heaven, her home eternally.

Thou art our hope, sweet child, in accents burning
We pray to thee, give answer, we implore,
Descend in pity, France to God returning,
Come, save our shackled Nation yet once more.

With Heaven's power
Freed by thine aid,
Save France this hour,
O Angel-Maid !

From citadels of France the foe repelling,
How beautiful thy steps, O daughter fair ;
But dost recall anear thy childhood's dwelling
The weakest lambs enfolded by thy care ?

Be the defence
Of weakness now,
Guard innocence
On youthful brow.

POEMS OF THE

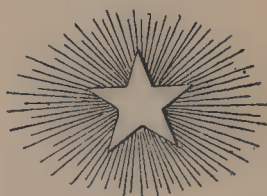
Sweet Martyr, heed thy Sister's invitation,
For virgin souls our hidden Cloisters ope.
Like thee we yearn for souls—love's consumma-
tion,
Christ's Kingdom in each heart, our deathless
hope.

Souls to enthrone,
Their one desire,
Flames like thine own,
Sweet Martyr, inspire.

When we behold the Church with crown victorious
Wreathing the radiant brow of Joan our Saint,
Then shall resound triumphant anthems glorious,
Driving afar each coward fear and plaint.

With hopeful glance,
Love we avow ;
St. Joan of France,
Plead for us now !

May 8, 1894.



LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

STORY OF A SHEPHERDESS BECOME A QUEEN

TO A YOUNG SISTER OF THE WHITE VEIL NAMED
MELANIE MARY MAGDALEN, FOR THE DAY OF HER
PROFESSION

O MAGDALEN, this lovely day,
Near thee we sing with joy to see
The chain of wonders, and the way
That wed thy tender Spouse to thee.
The charming story we shall hear
Of shepherdess, whom kingly choice
Hath wished in glory to appear,
And who responded to His voice.

REFRAIN.

We sing a Shepherdess,
Poor, save in happiness,
But King of Heavenly sway
Espoused her on Carmel to-day !

A little Shepherdess we see
Spinning, while lambs about her throng,
The flowerets charm her joyously,
And birds enchant her with their song ;
She knows the language of the trees,
She reads the heavens, smiling blue,
In all an image fair she sees,
Revealing God with message true.

Jesus and Mary loveth she,
With ardour of compelling might ;
They love their little *Melanie*,
Conversing to her heart's delight.

POEMS OF THE

“ O will you,” saith the gracious Queen,
“ Will you on Carmel dwell with me,
Only for Heaven to toil unseen,
My Magdalen henceforth to be?”

“ O child, from flowery meadow go,
Nor for thy little flock repine.
There on my Mountain see below,
Jesus, thy only Lamb and mine.”
“ Thy soul hath charmed Me ; come, abide,”
Saith Jesus, in His turn to her,
“ I take thee for My chosen bride,
And from Me thou shalt never stir.”

With happiness the Shepherdess
Respondeth to this sweet appeal ;
The Virgin Mother bids her press
To Carmel's height, her vows to seal.
O little Magdalen, 'tis thou
We feast this day, bright from above ;
The shepherdess is reigning now,
A Queen beside her King of Love.

O Sister dear, thou knowest well
To serve our Master is to reign ;
From Jesus' lips the lesson fell,
In life He ceased not to explain :
“ *If in the Fatherland on high
You wish among the first to be ;
You must through life with others vie
To hide in the last place for Me.*”

O Magdalen, what joy ! what bliss !
In Carmel thus to find thy place,
Living so near to Heaven as this,
Can anguish leave its bitter trace ?

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

Mary and Martha e'er will guide
Your prayer, your service of your Lord ;
This is your aim while life betide ;
True happiness will He accord.

If keenest suffering perchance
Cometh to knock upon your heart,
Let it your every joy enhance ;
Suffering for God will peace impart.
Then will His tenderness divine
Each sorrow heal—each memory dim ;
Though thorns bestrew your steep incline,
You will not walk, but fly to Him.

To-day the Angels envy thee,
They long to taste thy happiness,
Bride of the Lamb henceforth to be,
What joy, O Mary, to possess !
Soon in the ranks of heavenly choir
The praise exultant thou shalt sing,
'Mid Thrones and Virtues mounting higher,
To Jesus' Heart, thy Spouse, thy King.

Soon shall the Shepherdess,
Poor, save in happiness,
Far to the Heavens fly,
To reign with th' Eternal on high !

November 20, 1894.



POEMS OF THE

THE DIVINE LITTLE BEGGAR OF CHRISTMAS

PIOUS RECREATION

*An Angel appears bearing the Infant Jesus and
singing as follows :*

IN His sweet Name, whom I adore,
Dear Sister, I extend my hand,
In Little Jesus' stead I stand,
He cannot for Himself implore.
For Jesus, exiled from the skies
I meet but coldness everywhere ;
Indifference, a manger bare
And so my way to Carmel lies !

Fore'er, fore'er be your caress,
Your praise, your love, your tenderness,
For this sweet Child,
O burn with loving ecstasy !
God is made man, O grace conferred !
O touching Mystery, for He who begs of thee
Is the Eternal Word !

O Sisters mine, come without fear,
Come turn by turn to Jesus now,
Come, offer Him each loving vow,
Soon shall His heavenly will appear ;
Soon shall I tell you the desire
Of this sweet Babe in swathing band ;
Pure as His Angel host ye stand,
While suffering bids you draw yet nigher.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

Fore'er, fore'er your suffering,
And every joy your hearts may sing,
 Be for this Child,
O burn with loving ecstasy !
God is made man, O grace conferred !
O touching mystery, for He who begs of thee
 Is the Eternal Word !

The Angel, having put down the Infant Jesus in the Manger, presents to the Mother Prioress and then to each Carmelite a basket filled with "billets"; each Sister draws one by chance and, without opening it, gives it to the Angel, who sings the alms asked for by the Divine Infant.

A GOLDEN THRONE

Jesus thy treasure, thine alone :
 Is telling thee His little mind ;
He asks of thee a *golden throne*,
 None in the stable can He find,
The stable, like the sinful heart,
 To Him no smiling beauty shows,
And never can He there repose
But must perforce in pain depart. . . .
 Love, Sister, give,
 That sinners live.
Their souls, the throne this Child aspires,
 But ah ! still more
 Doth He implore,
Your heart the *throne* of His desires !

SOME MILK

He who hath nurtured His elect
 With essence holy and divine
Is made thy Jesus—ah ! reflect,
 He pleadeth now for help of thine !

POEMS OF THE

Perfect is His joy in Heaven,
Poor on earth He knows no ease ;
A little Milk, dear Sister, given
Will your little Brother please.
He smiles on you,
He whispers too :
I dearly love simplicity,
Noel, Noel,
On earth I dwell,
And seek my *milk* of *love* from thee !

THE LITTLE BIRDS

Sister, longest thou to hear
What Jesus would from thee beguile ?
Well, I will tell thee, never fear,
How thou canst make Him sweetly smile ;
The charming birds for Him ensnare,
And bid them to the stable fly ;
They image little children fair,
So dear unto the Word most high.
At their sweet songs,
Their chirping throngs,
His baby face with bliss is bright ;
Pray for them here,
In heavenly sphere
Their love shall form your crown of light.

A STAR

Betimes when heaven itself is dark
And covered with a sombre cloud,
Jesus is sad, no friendly spark
Illumes the shadows that enshroud
Then to rejoice thine Infant Love,
Become for Him a *dazzling star*,

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

Send forth by virtue from above
Thine ardent beams, anear, afar !
O may thy flame
The path proclaim
And tear the cruel veil of night ;
The Child new-born,
Fair star of morn,
Chooseth thee for His orb of light !

A LYRE

Come hearken, little Sister mine,
What thy sweet Jesus would desire,
He asks that ardent heart of thine,
To be His own *melodious lyre*.
In Heaven He has His Angel songs,
Their harmony, their incensed lays,
But oh ! on Carmel's height He longs
That thou intone His hymn of praise.
O Sister dear,
His love would hear
Thy heart's soul-breathing melody ;
By night, by day,
Sing life away
In love's entrancing harmony !

ROSES

Thy soul, a fragrant lily fair,
Charms Jesus and His Mother too ;
To Thee He breathes a mystic prayer,
Then hark, and souls from darkness woo.
Oh, if I love the snowy bloom
Of lilies, type of innocence,
I love the hue, the rich perfume
Of the sweet rose of penitence.

POEMS OF THE

Thy tears, as dew
Heart flowers renew,
And fond delight my spirit charms ;
For then I may,
At will each day,
With *roses* fill my longing arms.

A VALLEY

As by the radiance of the sun
Embellished, beauteous nature stands ;
When his swift fires of crimson run
O'er valleys fair and meadow lands ;
So Jesus—sun divine—doth rise,
Approaching not save to adorn ;
Resplendent in celestial dyes
He shineth clearer than the morn !
Awakened see,
That Sun for thee,
And bid thy soul His beauty hail ;
Warm rays of grace
Speed bloom apace.
Then be for Him a *smiling vale*.

THE REAPERS

'Neath strange horizons far, we know
The harvest bends with golden grain,
Despite the biting frost and snow,
For Jesus watcheth not in vain.
To garner sheaves, alas the need
Of souls aflame with fierce desire,
Reapers who plead for Him to bleed ;
Who play with rack and torturing fire.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

Noel, Noel,
I seek thy cell,
Thy will by wish of Mine imbued,
To Jesus now,
Engender thou,
An Apostolic Multitude.

A CLUSTER OF GRAPES¹

I ask a fruit most savoury,
A grape by dew and sunlight nursed ;
The King of Heaven refreshed would be,
His little Mouth is sore athirst.
Thou art *His grape*, O happy end
Within His darling Hand to rest.
Jesus His tiny strength will spend
Till every drop from thee be pressed !
Too little quite
This holy night,
To take e'en one small grape entire :
The juice replete
With savour sweet,
This only doth His love aspire.

A LITTLE HOST

Jesus, the fairest Infant born,
Giving to thee His life divine
Transforms into Himself each morn
A small white Host and makes it thine.
But oh ! with love o'erpassing this
Transformed in Him He would behold
Thy very self, supreme His bliss
Thy heart—His treasure—to enfold.

¹ This stanza was drawn by St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus herself. Three months later she heard the first call of the Divine Master invite her to leave earth for heaven.

POEMS OF THE

Noel ! Noel !
I come to tell
A message of entranced delight.
The Lamb—'tis He
Bends unto thee,
Be then *His Host*, so pure, so white !

A SMILE

Unto the world, no charm appears
In Jesus, thy most loving Spouse.
Alas ! I see the little tears
In those sweet eyes, when sorrow bows.
Console this Child, O Sister dear,
He looks to thee with outstretched arms.
I ask a smile, His Heart to cheer.
Smile ever, joy His spirit charms !
“ Behold ”—His glances seem to say—
“ If thou upon thy sisters smile,
Thy radiant look My grief will stay
And dry My every tear the while.”

A PLAYTHING

O wouldst thou be on earth to-night
The plaything of this Baby Lord,
Wouldst thou His winsome soul delight ?
Rest in His tiny Hand adored :
If then He smile with fond caress,
And draw thee closer to His Heart ;
Or if He seem to love thee less,
Respond alike in joyous part.
Give answer to each fond caprice
And thou wilt charm His eyes divine
Thy joy to see His joy increase,
Thy bliss His longings infantine !

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

A PILLOW

In the Crib with wakeful eye
Oft I see thy Jesus lie.
Wouldst thou know the reason why?
No pillow doth His need supply!
Well I know thy soul aspires
To content Him day and night,
And the pillow He desires
Is thy heart with love alight.
Be then ever humble-mild,
And thy dearest Treasure keep.
Hearken to the heavenly Child:
“In thee, my Spouse, I sweetly sleep.”

A FLOWER

The earth is garmented in snow,
The frost-King o'er the land doth reign,
And withered lie the blossoms low,
'Neath Winter's sad funereal train;
But ah! for thee expanded see
The radiant *Flower of the fields*,
A bloom from Paradise to be,
Where Spring eternal sceptre wields!
Dear Sister, hide thee in the stall
Near to the Rose of Christmas Night,
And be the floweret sweet and small,
Thy Spouse, the King of Heaven, delight!

SOME BREAD

Before the bounteous mercy-seat
Of God all-good thy prayer is said:
“Our Father,” then thou dost repeat,
“Give us this day our daily bread!”

POEMS OF THE

This God thy Brother now is made
Thy famished hunger here to know ;
Then hearken to His prayer for aid,
Wilt thou a little bread bestow ?
O Sister, let thy heart be sure
Thy love alone will be His stay ;
Refresh Him with Thy soul so pure,
Be thou His longed-for bread each day.

A MIRROR

An infant smiles with gladsome grace
When in a faithful mirror clear
He sees another tiny face
From out its shining depths appear.
Ah ! come to this poor stable bare
And bid your soul as crystal shine,
Reflect the Word, supremely fair
The charm of God—a Babe divine !
The living image of thy Lord,
The mirror of thy Bridegroom be,
The shining of His Face adored
He fain would contemplate in thee.

A PALACE

The great, the nobles of the land
In sumptuous palaces abide,
While beggars have at their command
But lowly huts wherein they hide.
And so within a stable hail
This little Poor One Christmas night,
Supernal glory here to veil,
Leaves His palace on the height.
If poverty thy soul entrance,
'Twill yield thee peace without a care,
And Jesus will thy joy enhance
And choose thy heart, His palace fair.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

A CROWN OF LILIES

Sinful men have plucked the thorn
For our humble Jesus' brow ;
While His loveliness they scorn,
Bend in raptured worship thou !
Come with virgin soul to-night
And His flood of anguish stem,
Let thy sisters, virgin-white,
Form His royal diadem.
Come unto His very throne,
And to charm His ravished gaze,
Weave a crown for Him alone,
Of their shining lily rays.

BONBONS

Little ones are fond, 'tis true,
Of their bonbons ; Jesus too
Will receive them with delight.
See His tiny outstretched Hand,
He would now His share demand,
Pleading looks a gift invite !

Sweetmeats from our Carmel given,
Greatly charm the King of Heaven,
Offer then each sacrifice.
Sister dear, thy poverty,
Thy austerity to see,
Will His happy heart entice !

A CARESS

Be not in thy love remiss ;
Little Jesus asks but this,
Just a very sweet *caress*.
Give it then with all your heart,
Charity He will impart,
Urging now His tenderness.

POEMS OF THE

If perchance thy sister weep,
Shedding tears of anguish deep,
Let sweet sympathy bestir;
Gently of the Babe demand
That with tender little Hand
Softly He caresseth her.

A CRADLE

Few the hearts on earth so true
That for gifts they never sue
Jesus their sweet Saviour King!
If asleep He chance to stay
They will serve not nor obey,
For their faith is slumbering!

Didst thou know His pleasure here,
When Thy Jesus knows no fear
Of a rudely wakened sleep,
Thou wouldst soon the cradle be
Of this Lamb, who all for thee
Smileth in His slumber deep.

LINENS

Little Jesus pointeth thee
With His cunning finger—see,
Hard and dry the cruel straw.
Oh! His longings understand,
Linens white with loving hand
'Neath Him spread in reverent awe!

All thy Sisters now excuse,
Jesus will no gift refuse,
He the King of Seraphs bright.
'Tis thine ardent charity
And thy simple eye that He
Claimeth for His linens white.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

SOME FIRE

Sister, little Jesus lies,
He, the hearth-fire of the skies,
Chilled with cold in stable drear.
While above the azure sky,
Burning Seraphim on high,
Bowed before the Word appear.

But on earth, O it is thou,
Heart-flame of thy Bridegroom now,
He implores thy circling fires ;
Thine to melt the cruel snow,
Thine to set all hearts aglow,
With the breath of thy desires !

A CAKE

Every little one would choose
A pretty cake, and e'en refuse
Glory of a Kingdom vast.
Offer to your King and mine
A *delicious* cake of thine,
You will see Him smile at last.

Knowest thou the cake of choice
To make the King of Kings rejoice ?
'Tis thy prompt obedience ;
Thou wilt charm thy Spouse the day
That thou learnest to obey
Like Him in His innocence !

SOME HONEY

In the early flame of dawn
See, the pretty bee hath gone
Seeking spoil—a precious store !
Flitting free from flower to flower,
Happy he through hour on hour,
Each corolla to explore.

POEMS OF THE

Seek of love a booty fair,
And each day thy treasure bear,
To the lowly Manger bed.
Bid the little Saviour there
Honey of thy fervour share,
Happily will He be fed !

A LAMB

This sweet Lamb wouldst thou entrance?
Guard no flock with eager glance,
But thy heart from all hearts keep ;
Dreaming but to pleasure Him,
But to serve and treasure Him,
While He lieth fast asleep.

O my Sister, from this hour
Abandoned be to His sweet power,
Come, His gentle slumber share !
Mary to the cradle goes,
Near her Lamb at His repose
A Lamb like Him she seeth there !

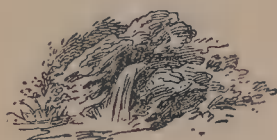
*The Angel, having taken the Infant Jesus anew in
his arms, sings as follows :*

This heavenly Babe gives thanks divine,
His Heart o'erflows with love's delight ;
Your gifts, your names He will unite,
Both in His Book of Life to shine.
To taste His bliss your little Lord
In Carmel lives ;
Your sacrifices to reward
His Heaven He gives !

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

O if to Him you faithful are,
And if your love contentment brings,
Then charity will give you wings
And bear you on to heights afar !
Some day in your true home above
From exile free,
Jesus and Mary you will love
Eternally !

Christmas, 1895.



POEMS OF THE

THE ANGELS OF THE CRIB

FOR RECREATION

THE ANGEL OF THE INFANT JESUS¹

O WORD of God,—the Father's splendour,
I look on Thee in Paradise ;
Yet now I see Thee all surrender,
To dwell on earth in mortal guise !
O Child, whose glory inundateth
The Angels of Thy home above,
Thy saving touch the world awaiteth.
O Jesus, who can know Thy love?

A God so embound
Doth Angels astound ;
O Word made so small,
Before Thee I tremblingly fall.

Who then can grasp this truth mysterious,
A God become a little Child ?
Th' Eternal Lord of might imperious,
On this sad earth for us exiled.
O Jesus, loveliness supernal,
I would Thy love by love repay,
To prove with ardent love eternal,
That I would watch Thee night and day.

Thy linens aglow
Draw Angels below ;
O Word made so small,
Before Thee I tremblingly fall.

¹ Part taken by St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

Since then this land of grief and tears
Our one sole Treasure doth possess,
Charmless—deserted, heaven appears,
To Thee in eager flight I press.
I cover Thee with shining wings,
I follow in each step below,
And every fairest flower that springs,
Upon Thy hidden pathway sow.

O I would of a dazzling star
Form Thee a cradle far to swing :
And where the crystal snowflakes are
Hang curtain of my fashioning ;
I would the distant mountains bend
In homage from their heights sublime ;
And all celestial blossoms lend
To beautify the fields of time.

The flower is the smile of love,
The distant echo of its heaven,
The fleeting sound of lyre above,
Swift by His Hand to mortal given.
This vibrant tone melodious,
Dropped from creative hand on high,
Would with its voice mysterious
Our God—our Saviour glorify !

Soft melody,
Sweet harmony,
Silence of flowers,
Of God ye sing the glorious powers.

Thy friends, Thy sisters well I know
Are living flowers, Jesus dear.
With tender love Thou'rt come below
From heavenly fields to seek them here.

POEMS OF THE

For souls, as perfumed flowers, expand,
For Thee to gather from on high,
The seeds fell from Thy little Hand,
And for them Thou hast wished to die.

Wonder ineffable,
The Word adorable
Weeps tearful showers,
Reaping His harvesting of flowers.

THE ANGEL OF THE HOLY FACE

O Jesus, in Thy life's awakening dawn,
The beauty of Thy Face was bathed in tears;
Weepings of love from wells of sorrow drawn,
To flow till life's last mortal hour nears.

O Sacred Face,
Beauties so bright,
For Angels efface
All heavenly light !

The fairness of Thy Countenance I see,
And all Its charm, e'en on this bloodstained veil ;
Thy Face of childhood shineth forth to me,
Though imaged sadly there—so wan, so pale.

O Jesus, suffering is Thy pearl of price,
The future to Thy vision is revealed,
Thou drinkest now the cup of sacrifice :
And, loving, dreamest of the tomb ensealed.

Ineffable thought,
O Child of a day !
Thy Face I have sought,
And with love swoon away !

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

THE ANGEL OF THE RESURRECTION

Weep not, ye Angels of the Lord most High,
I come from Heav'n to hush your every sigh.

This Infant so frail
Soon in His might we hail,
And He shall rise again,
For evermore to reign !

O God, 'neath features of a Child concealed,
I see Thy light revealed,
The grave shall triumph yield !

The stone that seals the tomb I lift in might,
And gaze upon the Vision of delight.

Hark ! I rejoice
As I lift up my voice,
For Thou before my eyes
Dost gloriously arise !

Splendour divine with shining light appears,
Child, from Thine eyes, this midnight wet with
tears.

O Word divine,
Each utterance of Thine
Will yet resound above
With all-consuming love !

THE ANGEL OF THE EUCHARIST

O Angel fair, my Brother dear,
Behold our King to Heaven ascend,
To worship at His Altar here
To earth from heaven I descend.

POEMS OF THE

'Neath lowly Sacramental veil,
I see the mighty God of power,
The Master of all life I hail,
More tiny than in childhood's hour.

Ah ! in the Sanctuary blest,
For love of Him I long to dwell,
Offering as incense my behest,
While hymns of ardent love upswell.
I sing, to my melodious lyre,
The praises of my Saviour Lord,
Of hidden manna souls desire,
Who now from sin would be restored.

May I, by miracle divine,
Be nourished also by this bread,
May I from Tabernacle shrine
Taste of the Blood my God hath shed.
If not, at least to creature heart
Will I communicate my fire ;
That all restraining fear depart,
And she unto the King draw nigher.

THE ANGEL OF THE LAST JUDGEMENT

Hear ye, full soon, the day of vengeance neareth ;
This world impure shall be cleansed e'en by fire.
Then every man that dreadful sentence heareth,
Then God shall speak in accents glad or dire.
Then shall we see the shining of His glory,
Hiding no more 'neath features of a child ;
We shall be there to sing the wondrous story,
There to proclaim Him Mighty—undefiled !

Then lit with rays ineffable, all-reaching,
Shine those fair eyes, now veiled in blood and
tears ;
Then shall we see that Face of love-beseeching,
As all the splendour of its light appears.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

Then o'er the clouds we see our Jesus nearing,
Bearing the Cross, the sceptre of His choice ;
Impious men shall bow, the sentence fearing
Of this meek King—this Judge of thunderous
Voice !

Then shall ye tremble in your earthly dwellings.
Then shall ye fear the hour of wrath above ;
Who can sustain the righteous anger swelling
Of this sweet Child, to-day your God of love ?
Mortals ! for you He chose His anguished hour,
Seeking no spoil save your poor, feeble hearts,
But at your judgement you shall see His power,
You then shall fear your God's avenging darts.

ALL THE ANGELS EXCEPT THE ANGEL OF THE LAST JUDGEMENT

O deign to hear the humble prayer,
Dear Jesus, of Thy Angels all.
The earth Thou camest to repair—
Aid Thine elect—on Thee we call !

Thy hand upraise, and break the sword,
Appease this Angel, sheathe the dart ;
Fair Child, lift up Thy Voice adored,
To save the meek and humble heart.

THE INFANT JESUS

Console ye, faithful Angels Mine.
'Tis first for you the utterance thrills,
Of the all-silent Word Divine,
Far from the vast eternal hills :

POEMS OF THE

I cherish you, O flames most pure,
The spirits of My home above ;
But souls of men My Heart allure,
I love them too with mighty love.

I made them Mine to dwell with Me,
That infinite their longings rise,
And the least one whose love I see
Becomes for Me a Paradise.

*The Angel of the Infant Jesus asks Him to gather
upon earth an abundant harvest of innocent souls
before they become tarnished by the breath of sin.*

RESPONSE OF THE INFANT JESUS

O Angel of My Infancy,
The ardour of thy prayer I hear.
White innocence I guard for thee
In souls of little ones most dear.

I'll cull them 'mid th' aurora dew,
Fair buds in freshness sweet to see,
In heav'n unclosed their varied hues,
Lit by My Heart, shall bloom for Me.

Silvered, their fair corollas shine,
Sparkling, as thousand flames arise.
The Milky Way, by My design,
They form 'mid azure of the skies.

I would with lilies pure be crowned,
I, Jesus, Lily of the field ;
And throned on sheaf of lilies bound,
My shining sceptre I would wield.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

The Angel of the Holy Face asks pardon for sinners.

RESPONSE OF THE INFANT JESUS

O thou who, looking on My Face,
Art lost in loving ecstasy ;
And who, My Image fair to trace,
Hast left thy heaven for love of Me ;

Thy humble prayer I wish to hear ;
Each soul its pardon now may claim ;
I will, with light resplendent, clear,
Fill all who hence invoke My Name.

Thou who wouldst dwell on earth with Me
To reverence My Cross, My woe ;
In suffering soul, O mystery !
Thou mayst a loving Sister know.

In heaven, the glory of her pain
Thy spirit shall irradiate ;
While thy fair essence shall remain
O'er martyr-brow illuminate.

The Angel of the Eucharist asks what can be done to console the Infant Jesus for the ingratitude of men.

RESPONSE OF THE INFANT JESUS

Fair Angel of the Eucharist,
Thou shalt delight My Heart below ;
Thy melody who can resist,
It will console My every woe !

I thirst to give Myself to hearts,
But many souls are languishing ;
Ye Seraphs, drop your flaming darts,
Draw them, as of my love ye sing.

POEMS OF THE

The souls of priests I fain would see
Resembling Angels from on high ;
Reborn My love would have them be,
E'er to the Altar they draw nigh.

That I may work this wonder here,
Souls, lit with love, must burn away,
Unto the Tabernacle near,
In self-oblation night and day.

*The Angel of the Resurrection asks what is to
become of the poor exiles of earth when their Saviour
will have gone to Heaven.*

RESPONSE OF THE INFANT JESUS

Unto My Father I shall go,
That My elect may follow Me ;
After their exile here below,
Deep in My Heart their home shall be.

When sounds the last, the dreadful hour,
My little flock shall gather near.
In heavenly dwelling, by My power,
I will, their quenchless light, appear.

THE ANGEL OF THE LAST JUDGEMENT

Dost Thou forget, O Jesus, Good supreme,
That sinners finally must punished be ?
Dost Thou forget in Thy fond love extreme
That ingrates number to infinity ?
On judgement day I will their crime chastise,
And justly then my wrath I will declare ;
My sword is ready—Jesus—Victim, rise !
My sword is ready—vengeance I will dare !

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

THE INFANT JESUS

O Angel fair, ensheathe thy sword,
In judgement thou mayst sadly err ;
New life to nature I accord,
Of peace I am the Messenger.

He who would judge this world of Mine,
His Name is Jesus. It is I ;
Th' unfailing Source,—My Blood divine—
All My elect will purify !

These faithful ones, like sentinels,
Console Me every passing hour,
For blasphemies of infidels,
By simple look of love's sweet power.

And in My Fatherland above,
Where My elect are glorified,
I'll share with them My life of love :
As Gods, they shall with Me abide.

THE ANGEL OF THE LAST JUDGEMENT

Before Thee, gentle Babe, the Cherubim incline,
In admiration lost at Thy surpassing love ;
The wish, on Calvary's hill, to share Thy death
divine,
Hath winged them from above.

REFRAIN (*sung by all the Angels*)

How great the bliss divine of lowly creature here,
The Seraphs circling far would e'en be reconciled
To lose angelic nature, forsake their loftier sphere,
To be, like Thee, a child !

POEMS OF THE

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

PIOUS RECREATION (FRAGMENT)

THE ANGEL WARNS ST. JOSEPH

To Egypt take flight,
Haste, Joseph, this night,
No moment delay,
In silence away !
Herod, fierce in his ire,
Seeketh now the new King,
Shades of death he would bring,
That this fair Lamb expire ;
Take the Mother and Child,
Fly swift to the wild !

SONG OF THE ANGELS ACCOMPANYING THE HOLY FAMILY

O mystery deep,
Jesus, King of the skies,
In exile must weep,
From a mortal He flies !
God in swathing bands lies,
Let us offer our love.
Come, in phalanx arise,
Form His court from above.

Shield Him with covering wing,
And with flowers most fair,
While we slumber-songs sing,
To the King in our care.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

We His Mother console,
As we gladly extol
All the charms of her Son,
By His meek graces won.

We will leave far the shore
Till the fierce storm be o'er ;
Flying swift through the night,
Far from noise and affright.

'Neath her virginal veil
Hides our Star pure and pale,
Ray of souls, still and white,
Infant Jesus, our Light ;
The King of the skies,
From a mortal He flies !

THE ANGEL OF THE DESERT

I come to praise the family most holy,
Whose beauty drew me to this desert place,
Where shone the Star most lovely and most lowly,
That from my gaze doth heavenly light efface.
Ah ! who can learn this mystery of sadness,
Jesus rejected by His very own ;
He wanders here, a stranger to all gladness,
His wondrous beauty none have seen or known.

But, if the mighty are Thine empire spurning,
Sovereign of Heaven, Beacon of the skies,
More than one soul is for Thine advent yearning ;
In hearts that suffer, hope dreams fondly rise.
Eternal Word, O Wisdom truest, deepest,
Thy gifts ineffable refresh the souls
Of little ones, who from this world Thou keepest,
Writing their names on heaven-emblazoned scrolls.

POEMS OF THE.

If ignorance Thy wondrous wisdom shareth,
 'Tis pledge that Thou hast found an humble
 heart ;
For every soul Thy sacred image beareth,
 Thou dost to sinners saving grace impart.
The day will come whereon the Lamb and lion
 Will gently feed upon the smiling sward ;
The desert then, like Thy fair land of Sion,
 Shall catch the echoes of Thy Name, O Lord.

O hidden God, souls virginal are pressing,
 Burning with zeal-lit fires from above,
To trace Thy royal steps their faith confessing,
 Peopling the deserts in their eager love.
These ardent hearts, aflame as seraph choirs,
 Give joy unto the Angel hosts on high,
Their lowly song the demon host inspires
 With terror, as to dark abyss they fly.

With fury and base jealousy on fire,
 Satan would empty every desert spot,
Th' eternal might of one frail Child's desire—
 Though by the world ignored—he knoweth not !
He knoweth not the fervent virgin's pleading
 Finds ever sweet repose upon His breast,
He knoweth not the strength of interceding,
 In soul united to her Saviour blessed.

Perchance some day Thy Spouses fond and
 cherished
 Will share Thine exile, though 'mid anguish dire,
While sinners think to see them lost and perished ;
 Such bitter trial quencheth not love's fire.
The world, impure with sacrilegious gesture,
 May not attack these Virgins of the Lord,
To dim the lustre of their snowy vesture,
 Or tarnish whiteness of the Lamb adored.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

O thankless world, now doth thy reign expire.
Dost thou not see, this wondrous little Child
Joyous shall hail the martyr's palm and pyre,
The golden rose, the lily undefiled !
Dost thou not see these faithful virgins holding
In eager hands the flame-lit Lamp of love,
Dost thou not see th' eternal gates unfolding,
As for the Saints they open wide above !

O happy moment, bliss without alloy,
When the elect all glorious shall appear ;
Love-sighs exchanged for never ending joy,
Eternity of love for them is near.
After this exile, pain for e'er is banished,
For the repose of heavenly home above ;
After this exile, faith and hope have vanished,
Peace—only peace, and ecstasy of love.

January 21, 1896.



POEMS OF THE

JESUS AT BETHANY

PIOUS RECREATION

MARY MAGDALEN.

O GOD—O Master mine,
Jesus, I love but Thee.
Here at Thy Feet divine
Fain would my dwelling be.
Far through the world I sought
For happiness in vain.
Unto my heart it brought
Sadness and bitter pain.

JESUS.

Mary, O Magdalen !
Thy Saviour fond am I ;
Forget thy sorrows then,
Rise with a blissful sigh.
Too tense thine agony,
My Heart saith o'er and o'er :
I *know* thou lovest Me,
Thy love doth all restore.

MARY MAGDALEN.

Too much ! my heart is torn !
Master, I faint away.
O may I be reborn
Or die, this sacred day ;
Jesus, canst read my fears ?
Their source, ah ! dost Thou know ?
My life hath caused Thy tears,
Immense my weight of woe !

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

JESUS.

'Tis true, upon thy heart
My plenteous tears distil ;
But by one fiery dart
Souls I transform at will.
Thy soul—its youth renewed,
E'en as I gaze on thee,
In love's beatitude
My endless praise shall be.

MARY MAGDALEN.

Jesus, Thy very love
Rendeth my heart in twain ;
Bounty supreme thereof
Augments my bitter pain.
The charms I had not known,
Repentant, now I see ;
Sweet Lord, my tears alone
I have to offer Thee !

JESUS.

Ah ! precious are these tears,
More radiant in My eyes
Than countless pearly spheres
That radiate the skies.
The azure heights allure
By scintillating star ;
A lover's heart made pure
To Me is dearer far.

MARY MAGDALEN.

O wondrous mystery,
Saviour divine Thou art.
What can earth offer Thee
To captivate Thy Heart ?

POEMS OF THE

The distant mountains see,
The gentle lambs and white;
The field flowers—can there be
Aught fairer in Thy sight!

JESUS.

Thou seest the flower unclosed
With dazzling radiance,
But I behold My rose—
Thine ardent love for Me—
Its deep empurpled hue
Is ravishing My Heart;
Fond bloom, of chosen few,
Preferred of all thou art!

MARY MAGDALEN.

The birds with liquid voice
Sing of Thy wonders here;
The murmuring streams rejoice
With freshening waters clear.
The lilies of the vale
Their treasured blooms unfold;
Each starry blossom pale
Lit by its pearling gold.

JESUS.

Solomon in array,
Upon his ivory throne,
Was less adorned that day
Than lowliest lily blown.
The simplest daisy sown
Surpasseth this great King;
And every floweret known
To thee its bloom shall bring.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

MARY MAGDALEN.

With mantle snowy white,
Behold the Virgin train,
Offering in Thy sight
Its glory without stain.
I, of my saddened hours,
Sing Thee the final strain.
Alas, e'er dawn, their flowers
Fell, ne'er to bloom again !

JESUS.

I love the auroral flames,
Their pure and brilliant fires ;
Mary—eve hath her claims,
And tenderer love inspires.
My mercy passing all
Would bid the sinner rest,
With spirit virginal
Together on My breast.

MARY MAGDALEN.

Hast Thou not Angels, Lord,
Of ardour rapt—supreme ;
O be Thy favours poured
Where their white pinions gleam !
A sinner here I sigh,
I merit naught below
Of tenderness, that I
Love's intimacy know.

JESUS.

Higher than Angels wing,
Thy soul shall mount above ;
Thy praises they shall sing,
Envying there thy love :

POEMS OF THE

Here, for thy brothers plead
In solitude apart.
Ah! they are sore in need—
Draw then to Me each heart.

MARY MAGDALEN.

O Lord, with ardent zeal
My spirit burns away;
Thy Voice with love's appeal
Urgeth me night and day;
Too weak my feeble heart
For apostolic power.
Ah! lend me Thine—who art,
Jesus, my saving dower!

MARTHA.

My sister here behold, nor let her quite ignore me,
Good Master, see—my toil disturbs her not at all.
Tell her, my dearest Lord, O tell her, I implore Thee,
To aid me now to serve the supper at Thy call.

JESUS.

O Martha, hostess loved and tried,
Why wouldst thou blame thy sister dear?
She ever hastens to the side
Of Him alone who charms her here.

MARTHA.

But what amazeth me, O Saviour, well Thou knowest,
Should she not pause an instant my urgent need to
learn?
Must she e'er gaze at Thee, who all each day
bestowest,
Nor for a moment think of giving in return?

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

JESUS.

O Martha, I confide to thee,—
Though generous thy love may be,
Thy sister Mary's love I see
More infinitely dear to Me.

MARTHA.

Lord, Thy mysterious words are filling me with
wonder,
The more I think, the more it seemeth wiser far
To work, to serve, to toil, than e'er to pray and
ponder,
For me, love needs to spend its powers as they
are.

JESUS.

Yes, work is needful unto thee,
I came Myself to honour toil;
By prayer, transfigured it may be,
And gathered in, a glorious spoil.

MARTHA.

Ah! well I know, sweet Lord, inactively reposing
I give Thee no delight—in me is naught of good,
Hence do I haste from morn until the day is closing,
Preparing to Thy taste my most delicious food.

JESUS.

Thy soul is generous and pure,
Thy work hath proven it to Me;
But let Me now thy heart assure
What most My Heart desires of thee:

POEMS OF THE

One work is needful of thy care,
And if alone thy sister dwell,
Lifting her soul in loving prayer,
The better part she chooseth well.

Ah! yes, her chosen part is best,
This truth divine I now declare;
O Martha, come aside and rest,
Love's long repose with her to share.

MARTHA.

At last I understand, O Jesus, Good supernal,
Thy look of love divine hath pierced my bosom's
core,
Too small earth's paltry gifts, it is my soul eternal
That I should offer Thee, my Saviour evermore.

JESUS.

Yes, 'tis thy heart for which I long,
To it, in lowliness, I bow,
The heavens and their glorious throng
I left that I might claim it now.

MARTHA.

Why, O my Saviour dear, when Mary would adore
Thee,
Didst Thou in Simon's house exalt her peerless
fame?
Methinks that when her life unrolls itself before
Thee,
More than one mighty tempest unto Thy vision
came.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

JESUS.

The inner language I have heard,
Of hearts by love and sorrow riven,
He loveth most whose soul is stirred
With thought of greatest sin forgiven.

MARTHA.

O Lord, if it be thus, my wonder but increaseth,
From every danger here Thy Hand hath guarded
me,
To shield me, to protect, with care that never
ceaseth,
E'en from the dawn of life. What love I owe to
Thee !

JESUS.

'Tis true, a spirit pure—sincere—
The masterpiece for which I yearn,
Should love Me without measure here,
And praise Me, seeking no return.

Thy soul hath charmed Me from thy youth
By thy exceeding purity,
But if thou'rt innocent in truth,
Magdalen hath humility.

MARTHA.

Jesus, to give Thee joy I long through life's long
durance,
All honour to despise—glory to cast away,
Grant to my toil one glance—O be it Thine assurance
That I am one with Mary—more like her day by
day.

POEMS OF THE

JESUS.

Thus souls thou'lt save by thy desire,
And draw them swiftly unto Me :
Thus bear afar My mighty fire
By torch of faith's fidelity.

MARTHA AND MARY MAGDALEN.

Thy Voice, O sweetest Jesus, is as melodious choir,
It raptures us with love, and sets our hearts aflame.
Remain with us we pray—our lives with Thine
inspire,
Remain with us alway—Redeemer loved Thy
name.

JESUS.

Happy am I at Bethany,
And there full often I repose.
Your God in Heaven shall grateful be,
As recognition He bestows.

Ah ! well your spirits comprehend
The mystery that brought Me here.
From heavenly glories I descend,
Interior souls are far more dear.

This glory will be yours one day,
Your hearts, my Heart with all endows,
All honour here may fade away,
But you shall call Me there your Spouse.

Here, faithful friends, with tender love
It was your care to nourish Me,
At the blest nuptial Feast above,
Girded to serve you shall I be.

July 29, 1895.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

CANTICLE OF THE SACRISTANS OF CARMEL

HERE below, our work of love
Is for the Altar to prepare,
The matter for the Sacrifice
That earth and Heaven together share.

Our Heaven, O mystery supreme,
Is hiding 'neath the lowly bread :
Our Heaven, behold our very God,
Who cometh that our souls be fed.

The queens of earth may happy be.
More blissful is thy task and mine ;
Our Office is a living prayer
That binds us to our Spouse Divine.

The honours of applauding worlds
May not with our delights compare,
For peace celestial and profound
Our Jesus maketh us to share.

With holy envy we behold
The Work our feeble hands design,
The little Host so small, so white,
So soon to veil the Lamb divine.

And, Lord, Thy love hath chosen us ;
O Spouse, O Friend, our hosts are we.
Full soon by Thine Almighty power
O may we live transformed in Thee !

POEMS OF THE

In wondrous mission of the Priest
We too may share while here below ;
The Master will our hearts inflame,
That where He leadeth we may go.

And by our prayers, our burning love,
Shall we not aid His toilers here ;
Shall not their battlefield be ours,
Shall we not combat ever near !

The Tabernacle hides the God
Who in each loving heart doth hide,
And at our prayer, O miracle,
Sinners may seek the cleansing tide.

O happiness ! our glory here,
To work for Jesus, we implore ;
His Heaven is our Ciborium,
Filled with elect for evermore.



LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

PRAYER OF THE CHILD OF A SAINT¹

TO HER GOOD FATHER, CALLED TO GOD JULY 29, 1894

REMEMBEREST thou that erstwhile here below,
To care for us was thy sole happiness ;
O hear thy children praying, and bestow
Thy fond protection—deign each one to bless.
Thou findest in the heavens our Mother loved at rest,
She hath been long already in country of the blessed.
As in that sacred land
Ye both together stand,
Watch o'er us now.

Rememberest thou thy Mary, O so dear,
Her ardent spirit closest to thy heart :
Rememberest how thy life she filled with cheer,
As love and charm and joy she did impart.
For God thou wouldst renounce her presence sweet
and mild,
Blessing the hand that offered such sorrow through
thy child.
Thy “ *diamond* ” most rare,
Ever more radiant, fair,
Remember thou.

¹ Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus was the youngest of nine children, four of whom died in infancy, four became Carmelite nuns, and one a Visitation nun. These are the nine lilies referred to in the poem here as forming their saintly father's coronet in heaven. He used to call Teresa his “little queen,” Marie his “diamond,” Pauline his “pearl.” He died of paralysis, after months of helplessness, tended by Céline. These remarks serve to explain the poem.

POEMS OF THE

Remember'st thy "fine pearl" so softly bright ;
Seeming a weak and timid Lamb to thee ;
She leaeth now the flock on Carmel's height,
Counting on strength divine her strength to be :
Behold her "Mother" now of thine own children
here.
Come, guide her steps below, who was to thee so
dear :

Leave not thy heav'n on high,
But be to Carmel nigh,
Remember thou.

Remember'st thou that earnest, pleading prayer,
Offered for thy third child with fond intent,
God heard it ! . . . earth for her was bleak and
bare,
A place of exile and of banishment.
The Visitation hid her far from worldly eyes ;
She loved the Lord, and waves of peace within arise ;
Her ever burning sighs,
Her ardent, yearning cries,
Remember thou.

Remember'st thou Céline, thy faithful one,
Who was a ministering angel unto thee,
When the sad Face divine looked down upon
Thy chosen soul to test it gloriously.
Thou reignest now in Heaven, accomplished is her
task ;
To Jesus she hath given the life His love doth ask.
Protect thy child to-day.
How often doth she say,
Remember thou.

O then remember thou thy "*little Queen*,"
When tender love o'erflowed her heart for thee ;
Remember how her wavering steps would lean
Upon thy guiding hand for surety.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

Papa, remember thou, in childhood's happy days
Her innocence for God thou wouldst preserve always.

Her ringlets fair and bright,
Which gave thee such delight,
Remember thou.

Rememberest thou in terraced belvedere,
Oft wouldst thou seat her gently on thy knee,
Murmur a prayer, then drawing her anear,
Would cradle her with soft sung melody ;
Heaven she saw reflected in thy face,
When, pensive, thou wert gazing into space.

'Twas of eternity
Thy song was wont to be,
Remember thou.

Rememberest thou that Sunday fair and bright,
When, pressing her to thy paternal heart,
Thou gavest her a floweret pure and white,
Permitting her for Carmel to depart.
O Father, dost recall how when her soul was tried,
Thy proven love sincere was ever at her side ;
At Rome as at Bayeux,
Thou pointest heaven to her,
Remember thou.

Remember'st thou the Holy Father's hand
Laid in the Vatican upon thy brow ;
The mystery then thou couldst not understand.
It was the seal divine,—we know it now.
Thy children look above in reverent prayer to thee,
They praise, they bless thy cross, thy bitter agony.
Upon that glorious brow,
Shining in Heaven now,
Nine lilies flower !

August, 1894.

POEMS OF THE

WHAT I HAVE LOVED

COMPOSED AT THE REQUEST OF HER SISTER CÉLINE
DURING HER NOVITIATE

My Beloved is the mountains,
The solitary wooded valleys,
The strange islands,
The roaring torrents,
The whisper of the amorous gales ;

* * * * *

The tranquil night
At the approaches of the dawn,
The silent music,
The murmuring solitude,
The supper which revives, and enkindles love.
(ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS : *Spiritual Canticle.*)

O WHAT tender memories cling
To childhood days, life's opening Spring,
To guard my innocence 'neath sheltering wing,
My God o'erspread me from above
With love.

And so, despite my littleness,
I gave Him all with fond caress ;
The secret of my heart did then confess,
One day to wed the King divine,
All mine !

I loved from dawn of infant days,
Mary and Joseph oft to praise.
E'en then my soul upsoared in raptured gaze
To mirror deep within my eyes
The skies.

I loved the plain, the hillside green,
The waving wheat-field's golden sheen ;
Breathless my joy, with Sisters mine, to glean
Through the long summer hours
Fond flowers.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

I loved to cull the lowly grass,
Bluets and flowerets I would pass,
The perfumed violets in clustering mass.
I found the primrose at my feet
Most sweet.

Long have I loved the daisy white,
The Sunday walks, O what delight !
Birds warbling 'mid the boughs, stayed in their
flight,
The radiant azure as it dyes
The skies.

I loved to seek, each year of grace,
My wee shoe in the chimney place ;
Wakened to run, with eager, glowing face,
Singing the Babe on Christmas morn,
New born.

I loved my Mother's gentle smile,
Her pensive gaze would say the while :
" Eternity hath drawn me from exile,
I go unto the God of Love
Above."

I go to find "*my angels*" there,
And Mary, Virgin Mother fair.
My children here I give unto Thy care,
O Jesus, take their hearts, their tears,
Their fears !

O how I loved the Host so frail,
Jesus, 'neath Sacramental veil,
Coming in morning of my life to hail
My soul, His spouse ; one heart with me
To be.

POEMS OF THE

I loved the terraced belvedere,
The flooding daylight fresh and clear ;
A father's kiss, when I would, drawing near,
His snowy hair with tenderness
Caress.

Resting at eve upon his knee,
Oft with Thérèse I loved to be.
Long cradled thus, in echoed memory,
E'en now his songs, so sweet, so clear,
I hear.

O memories, ye breathe repose,
Full many an image ye disclose,
The twilight feast, the fragrance of the rose,
The Summer day at Buissonets,
So gay.

And then the softly silent night,
Wherein my soul, with fond delight,
Would with the soul of my Thérèse unite ;
Her heart with mine, as in one beat,
To meet.

Then would our voices sweetly blend,
Our clasped hands pledge love to the end,
Our song the nuptial feast whose joys transcend,
Of Carmel and of Heaven, our theme,
To dream.

In Switzerland and Italy,
Blue skies, rich fruits enchanted me,
But more the aged Pontiff King to see,
Looking with fond benignity
On me.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

I kissed with tender love profound
The Coliseum's sacred ground.
The vaulted Catacombs with vibrant sound
Caught up and echoed soft and long
My song.

But joy is followed swift with tears,
Dread are my terrifying fears,
My soul in armour of my Spouse appears,
His Cross I clasp, my strength, my stay,
Each day.

Then from the echoing world I fled,
To fruitful vales my feet were led,
Where 'neath the leafy shadows high o'erspread,
I garlanded 'neath tearful showers,
Sweet flowers.

I loved the faint and silvery knell
Of distant Church-tower's lingering bell ;
To hear the sighing breezes softly swell,
I loved at eve in solitude
To brood.

The swallow's graceful flight I love,
The plaintive coo of turtle dove,
The whirring of the gauzy wings above
Of circling insects, flashing light,
And bright.

I loved at dawn the pearling dew
On Bengal rose of brilliant hue ;
The bee, as swift from bloom to bloom she flew,
With honey store 'neath sunlit rays
Ablaze.

POEMS OF THE

I loved to pluck the heather spray ;
Speeding o'er the light moss away,
To catch the fluttering butterflies at play,
O'er the bright ferns that tremble there
In air.

I loved the glow-worm's shadowed flight,
The stars unnumbered of the night,
Yet more, at dusk the radiance silvery white
Of the fair moon with disc aglow,
Hung low.

My youth I offered, glad to cheer
My father through each lengthening year ;
He was my all,—joy, treasure, child most dear ;
Full oft I held him to my breast,
Close pressed.

We loved the soft swish of the wave,
The flashing storm, the winds that rave,
Evening in solitude profound and grave,
The song of nightingale that floods
The woods.

But ah ! one morn he sweetly sighed
For image of the Crucified,
Pledging to me a love naught could divide,
He gave one last look from his heart,
My part ! . . .

Then Jesus reached His Hand divine
Unto this one last treasure mine,
Bearing it to the hills afar to shine,
Near the Eternal God of love,
Above.

* * * * *

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

But now a prisoner am I,
The tangle of the world I fly,
All as a fleeting dream hath passed me by,
I see my joy end as a breath
In death.

My feet have pressed the withered grass,
My hand the fallen flower, alas !
Jesus, unto Thy fields I fain would pass,
Where leaf nor blossom 'neath my tread
Lies dead.

Yea, as the thirsty hart am I,
For flowing fountains, Lord, I sigh ;
Jesus, to Thee I run and fainting lie ;
I need, to calm my panting fears,
Thy tears.

Thy love hath led me in Thy train,
My flock feeds far on distant plain ;
To guard it longer, Love, were labour vain ;
Intent to please my only Lamb
I am.

Jesus, Thou art this Lamb I love,
Sufficing Good here and above,
Earth, Heaven the radiant plenitude thereof,
The flower I cull, all—*all* are Thee
To me.

Jesus, fair lily of the field,
Thy perfumes draw, Thy captives yield,
Bundle of myrrh, corolla heaven-sealed ;
I love, I lay Thee on my breast
To rest !

POEMS OF THE

Thy love is ever at my side,
The woods, the heavens, the meadows wide,
The reeds, the mountain far, the flowing tide,
The rain, the snowflakes, *all* I see
In Thee.

Jesus, Thy presence all bestows,
The wheat, the buds e'er they uncloze,
Forget-me-nots, bright cups of gold, the rose.
In Thee the lilies of the vale
Exhale.

In Thee is the melodious lyre,
Harmonious solitudes inspire,
Rivers and caverns, birds in chorused choir,
With rushing falls and streamlets stirred,
Are heard.

Mine is the rainbow and the dawn,
Horizon vast and verdant morn,
Strange islands, golden harvests homeward
borne,
Fair butterflies o'er fields awing
In Spring.

Lit by Thy love, I now behold
The palm, touched by the sun to gold ;
And night, fair as the day, its charms unfold,
In Thee shall my abiding peace
Increase.

Fruit of the vine to me Thou art ;
In virgin forest depths apart,
Mysterious blooms and irised wings that dart.
All fair-haired little ones who throng
With song.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

Fountains and hills in Thee are mine,
May blossoms, heart's ease, clinging vine,
Lake-lilies, honey-blooms and eglantine,
The shivering poplar, when its sighs
Arise.

Mine is the giddy, trembling wheat,
The winds with voices grave and sweet,
The dew-hung gossamer ; flame fierce and fleet,
Zephyrs that rock the thicket-nest
To rest.

In Thee the spotless dove is mine,
'Neath my coarse habit I divine
Apparel rich and beaded gems that shine,
Rings, diamonds, jewelled armlets fair
And rare.

Mine is the lake, the lowly vale,
The solitary, wooded dale,
The silvered ocean-wave where treasures trail,
Pearls, corals 'neath the flowing tide
To hide.

Mine is the barque from shore set free,
The shining pathway o'er the sea,
The clouds sunlit with heavenly alchemy,
When fade the lingering fires of day
Away.

In Thee the brilliant star is mine ;
Often Thy love unveiled doth shine.
As through a mist, I see at day's decline
Outstretched to me with love's demand
Thy Hand.

POEMS OF THE

O Thou, in whom Creation lies,
The myriad forest-germs arise,
Made fruitful by one glancing of Thine eyes.
Thou dost pursue me from above
With love.

Mine is Thy Heart, Thy Face adored,
Thine arrow pierceth as a sword. . . .
The kisses of Thy mouth, my sole reward !
I love Thee, none I crave to see
Save Thee.

I go to sing with Angel lyres
The praise Thy sacred love inspires.
O bid me fly full soon unto their choirs ;
O may I die of love divine,
All Thine !

Drawn by its clear transpiercing light,
Unto the flame the moth takes flight ;
So doth my hope draw me to dazzling height.
I would in Thy Heart's ruddy fire
Expire.

E'en now I hear Thee, Lord, prepare
Th' Eternal Feast 'tis mine to share !
From willow bough my silent harp I bear.
When may I see, with Love's embrace
Thy Face.

Near Thee Thy Mother will appear,
With Saints and loved ones cherished here ;
Oh ! when, this exile passed, shall I draw near
To find my home eternally
With Thee ?

April 28, 1895.

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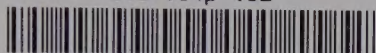
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